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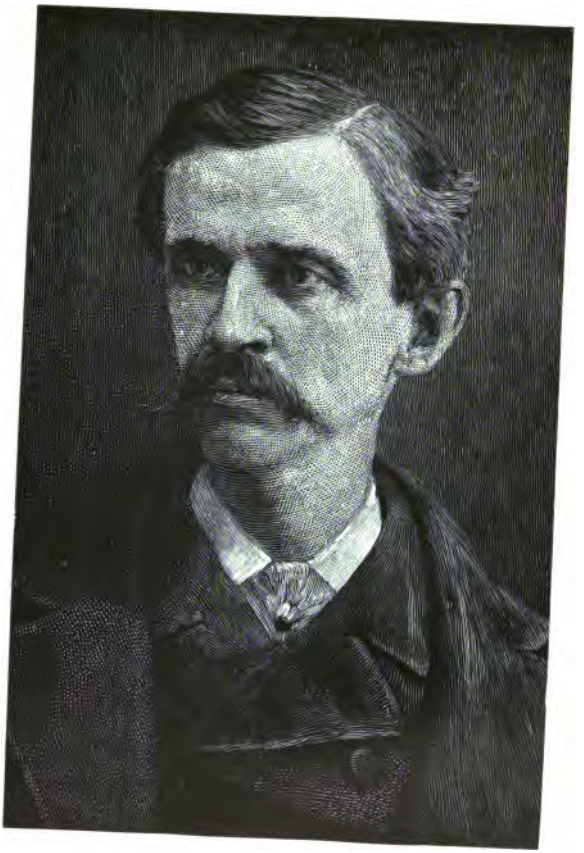

Frank R. Stockton

American Authors

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By MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, M.D.

MRS. KNOLLYS
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THE TRANSFERRED GHOST.

By Frank R. Stockton.

THE country residence of Mr. John Hinckman was a delightful place to me, for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality. It had broad, smooth-shaven lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on; there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks, and fishing. These were great attractions, but none of them, nor all of them together, would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long. I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry, and the sun not too hot, and there was but little wind, there strolled be-

*** *Century Magazine, May,* 1882.

1 the lofty elms, or passed lightly through
osky shades, the form of my Madeline.
is lady was not, in very truth, my Madeline.
ad never given herself to me, nor had I, in
vay, acquired possession of her. But as I
lered her possession the only sufficient reason
e continuance of my existence, I called her,
reveries, mine. It may have been that I
not have been obliged to confine the use of
ssessive pronoun to my reveries had I con-
the state of my feelings to the lady.
this was an unusually difficult thing to do.
ıly did I dread, as almost all lovers dread,
the step which would in an instant put an
that delightful season which may be termed
e-interrogatory period of love, and which
t the same time terminate all intercourse or
ion with the object of my passion; but I
o, dreadfully afraid of John Hinckman.
ıtleman was a good friend of mine, but it
ave required a bolder man than I was at
e to ask him for the gift of his niece, who
lead of his household, and, according to
frequent statement, the main prop of his
years. Had Madeline acquiesced in my
iews on the subject, I might have felt en-
to open the matter to Mr. Hinckman,
aid before, I had never asked her whether
e would be mine. I thought of these
all hours of the day and night, particu-
atter.

I was lying
my spacious
the new moo
saw John Hin
the door.
two reasons.
before come
place, he ha
had not exp
was for this
ing to sit mu
the moonlit
of John Hin
was a vague
presently as
good old ma
come to tell
the protecti
tered at wh
stant the fig
" Do you
that indica
turn to-nig
I though
and I answ
" We do
" I am
chair by w
and a hal
man has
night. Y

d as he spoke he stretched out his legs and
ed back in the chair. His form became less
e, and the colors of his garments more dis-
t and evident, while an expression of gratified
ef succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance.
"Two years and a half!" I exclaimed. "I
on't understand you."

"It is fully that length of time," said the
host, "since I first came here. Mine is not an
rdinary case. But before I say anything more
bout it, let me ask you again if you are sure Mr.
Hinckman will not return to-night?"

"I am as sure of it as I can be of anything," I
nswered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hun-
red miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am
ad to have the opportunity of talking to some
e who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman
uld come in and catch me here, I should be
htened out of my wits."

This is all very strange," I said, greatly puz-
by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of
Hinckman?"

his was a bold question, but my mind was so
of other emotions that there seemed to be no
n for that of fear.

Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied,
d yet I have no right to be. And this is what
es me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him.
a strange story, and, I truly believe, without
edent. Two years and a half ago, John

Hinckman w
At one time
believed to h
precipitate a
was, at tha
Imagine my
had accepte
sibilities, th
cent, and e
My situatio
embarrassm
original un
the ghost o
vised by my
tion, and w
an elderly
rightfully a
selected.
animation,
ever, and
annoying
my time t
I must not
me everyw
"That
marked.
couldn't h
"Of co
his very
Imagine,
yours."

gine such a thing at all. I sim-
ust be a wrongful ghost at all,"
continued, "it would be much
the ghost of some man other than
. There is in him an irascibility
mpanied by a facility of invective,
met with. And what would hap-
to see me, and find out, as I am
now long and why I had inhabited
n scarcely conceive. I have seen
s of passion, and, although he did
ople he stormed at any more than
me," they seemed to shrink before

ew to be very true. Had it not
culiarity of Mr. Hinckman, I might
e willing to talk to him about his

for you," I said, for I really began
athetic feeling toward this unfortu-
n. "Your case is indeed a hard
ds me of those persons who have
d I suppose a man would often be
eed when he found that there was
who was personating himself."
ses are not similar at all," said the
uble or doppelganger lives on the
n, and, being exactly like him, he
of trouble, of course. It is very
. I am not here to live with Mr.

Hinckman. I am here to take his p
would make John Hinckman very
knew that. Don't you know it would
I assented promptly.
"Now that he is away I can be easy
while," continued the ghost, "and I a
to have an opportunity of talking to yo
frequently come into your room, and wa
while you slept, but did not dare to spea
for fear that if you talked with me Mr. H
would hear you, and come into the room
why you were talking to yourself."
"But would he not hear you?" I asked
"Oh, no," said the other, "there
when any one may see me, but no one
except the person to whom I address mys
"But why did you wish to speak t
asked.
"Because," replied the ghost, "I like
ally to talk to people, and especially to
like yourself, whose mind is so troubled
turbed that you are not likely to be frig
a visit from one of us. But I particular
to ask you to do me a favor. There
probability, so far as I can see, that Joh
man will live a long time, and my situati
coming insupportable. My great object a
is to get myself transferred, and I think
may, perhaps, be of use to me."
"Transferred!" I exclaimed. "What
mean by that?"

an," said the other, "is this: Now
:ted on my career I have got to be
somebody; and I want to be the
n who is really dead."
:hink that would be easy enough," I
ortunities must continually occur."
ll! not at all!" said my companion,
You have no idea what a rush and
iere is for situations of this kind.
a vacancy occurs, if I may express my-
t way, there are crowds of applications
ostship."
no idea that such a state of things ex-
said, becoming quite interested in the
"There ought to be some regular system,
of precedence, by which you could all
ur turns like customers in a barber's

dear, that would never do at all!" said the
"Some of us would have to wait forever.
is always a great rush whenever a good
ship offers itself—while, as you know, there
ome positions that no one would care for.
it was in consequence of my being in too
t a hurry on an occasion of the kind that I
myself into my present disagreeable predica-
at, and I have thought that it might be possible
t you would help me out of it. You might
ow of a case where an opportunity for a ghost-
ip was not generally expected, but which might
resent itself at any moment. If you would give

me a short notice, I know I could a
transfer."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed
want me to commit suicide? Or to
murder for your benefit?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said the other, w
smile. "I mean nothing of that ki
sure, there are lovers who are watche
siderable interest, such persons h
known, in moments of depression, t
desirable ghostships, but I did not t
thing of that kind in connection witl
were the only person I cared to spe
hoped that you might give me some
that would be of use; and, in return
very glad to help you in your love affa

"You seem to know that I have suc
I said.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, y
yawn. "I could not be here so mu
been without knowing all about that."

There was something horrible in
Madeline and myself having been w
ghost, even, perhaps, when we wande
in the most delightful and bosky l
then, this was quite an exceptional
could not have the objections to him
ordinarily arise in regard to beings of

"I must go now," said the ghost,
I will see you somewhere to-morrow
remember—you help me, and I'll help

I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline anything about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr. Kinman would absent himself, for a day at least, from the premises. In such case I thought I could more easily nerve myself up to the point of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future conjugal existence, and, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel willing to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me?

I had an idea, however, that the lady thought that if I were going to speak at all, this was the time. She must have known that certain sentiments were afloat within me, and she was not unwilling in her wish to see the matter settled one way or the other. But I did not feel like taking a leap in the dark. If she wished me to ask her she should give herself to me, she ought to offer me some reason to suppose that she would make the sacrifice. I saw no probability of such generosity, and preferred that things should remain as they were.

One evening I was sitting with Madeline in the

Moonlit P
Ever since
up to the
ments. I
this, but
point whe
speak. M
the situati
I came to
pect it. I
portant e
make myse
did not sp
lady would
Sitting t
thinking v
I looked u
away from
the porch,
other dang
He was be
me, as I sa
Madeline w
must have
ghost had
time this n
his appear
Madeline.
I could not
no exclama
I was troub

aid," he said—"I shall not let
She cannot hear me speak unless
to her, which I do not intend to

ooked grateful.
d not trouble yourself about that,"
nued; "but it seems to me that you
g along very well with your affair.
I should speak out without waiting
You will never have a better chance.
likely to be interrupted; and, so far
e, the lady seems disposed to listen to
ly; that is, if she ever intends to do
is no knowing when John Hinckman
y again; certainly not this summer.
your place, I should never dare to
to Hinckman's niece if he were any-
t the place. If he should catch any one
nself to Miss Madeline, he would then
e man to encounter."
perfectly to all this.
ot bear to think of him!" I ejaculated

of whom?" asked Madeline, turning
ward me.
as an awkward situation. The long
the ghost, to which Madeline paid no
ut which I heard with perfect distinct-
made me forget myself.
ecessary to explain quickly. Of course,
ot do to admit that it was of her dear

uncle that I was speaking
hastily the first name I thou

"Mr. Vilars," I said.

This statement was entir
could bear to think of M
gentleman who had, at vari
attention to Madeline.

"It is wrong for you to s
Vilars," she said. "He i
educated and sensible you
pleasant manners. He ex
the legislature this fall, and
prised if he made his mark.
legislative body, for whene
thing to say he knows just hc

This was spoken very qui
show of resentment, which
for if Madeline thought at a
could not feel displeased t
agreeable emotions in rega
The concluding words con
was not slow to understand.
if Mr. Vilars were in my pre
speak quickly enough.

"I know it is wrong to h
person," I said, "but I can

The lady did not chide
seemed even in a softer mo
considerably annoyed, for
admit that any thought of M
cupied my mind.

ld not speak aloud that way," said
r you may get yourself into trouble.
everything go well with you, because
be disposed to help me, especially if
ıce to be of any assistance to you,
I shall be."

tell him that there was no way in
ıld help me so much as by taking
parture. To make love to a young
ıost sitting on the railing near by,
st the apparition of a much-dreaded
y idea of whom in such a position
a time made me tremble, was a
t an impossible, thing to do; but I
eak, although I may have looked my

," continued the ghost, "that you
d anything that might be of advan-
Of course, I am very anxious to hear,
ıve anything to tell me, I can wait
alone. I will come to you to-night
, or I will stay here until the lady

l not wait here," I said; "I have
to say to you."

prang to her feet, her face flushed
ablaze.

!" she cried. "What do you sup-
iting for? Nothing to say to me in-
ıld think so! What should you have
"

"Madeline," I exclaimed, steppi
"let me explain."

But she had gone.

Here was the end of the world for
fiercely to the ghost.

"Wretched existence!" I cried
ruined everything. You have black
life. Had it not been for you——'

But here my voice faltered. I
more.

"You wrong me," said the ghos
injured you. I have tried only t
assist you, and it is your own fol
this mischief. But do not despair.
as these can be explained. Keep
Good-by."

And he vanished from the raili
soap-bubble.

I went gloomily to bed, but I s
that night except those of de
which my wretched thoughts
words I had uttered had sounde
the basest insult. Of course, t
interpretation she could put up

As to explaining my ejacula
possible. I thought the matter
as I lay awake that night, and
would never tell Madeline th
It would be better for me to s
for her to know that the g
haunted the house. Mr. Hinc

of his ghost she could not be made to
he was not dead. She might not sur-
ck! No, my heart could bleed, but I
tell her.

day was fine, neither too cool nor too
breezes were gentle, and nature smiled.
ere no walks or rides with Madeline.
to be much engaged during the day,
ut little of her. When we met at meals
ite, but very quiet and reserved. She
ly determined on a course of conduct,
solved to assume that, although I had
ude to her, she did not understand the
ıy words. It would be quite proper, of
her not to know what I meant by my
of the night before.

owncast and wretched, and said but
he only bright streak across the black
my woe was the fact that she did not
e happy, although she affected an air of

The moonlit porch was deserted that
ıt wandering about the house I found
n the library alone. She was reading,
in and sat down near her. I felt that,
could not do so fully, I must in a
xplain my conduct of the night before.
ed quietly to a somewhat labored
made for the words I had used.

not the slightest idea what you meant,"
but you were very rude."

:ly disclaimed any intention of rudeness,

and assured her, with a
must have made some impr
rudeness to her would be an
me. I said a great deal upon t
plored her to believe that if it
tain obstacle I could speak to h
she would understand everything
She was silent for a time, ar
rather more kindly, I thought
spoken before :
"Is that obstacle in any way c
uncle ?"
"Yes," I answered, after a lit
is, in a measure, connected with
She made no answer to this, a
her book, but not reading. Fro
of her face, I thought she was sc
toward me. She knew her uncl
and she may have been thinking
the obstacle that prevented my sp
were many ways in which he
stacle), my position would be suc
it would excuse some wildne
eccentricity of manner. I sav
warmth of my partial explanatic
effect on her, and I began to bel
be a good thing for me to speak
delay. No matter how she sh
proposition, my relations with
worse than they had been the p
day, and there was something

to hope that she might forget my
tions of the evening before if I be
my tale of love.
chair a little nearer to her, and as I
host burst into the room from the
ind her. I say burst, although no
ben and he made no noise. He was
d, and waved his arms above his head.
I saw him, my heart fell within me.
tran ce of that impertinent apparition,
fled from me. I could not speak while
he room.
ive turned pale, and I gazed steadfastly
t, alm ost without seeing Madeline, who
us.
u know," he cried, "that John Hinck-
ming up the hill? He will be here in
nutes, and if you are doing anything in
love-making, you had better hurry it
this is not what I came to tell you. I
ious news! At last I am transferred!
minutes ago a Russian nobleman was
by the Nihilists. Nobody ever thought
connection with an immediate ghostship.
ds instantly applied for the situation for
obtained my transfer. I am off before
rid Hinckman comes up the hill. The
I reach my new position, I shall put off
ed semblance. Good-by. You can't im-
w glad I am to be, at last, the real ghost of
by."

"Oh!" I cried, rising to my feet and
out my arms in utter wretchedness, "I
heaven you were mine!"
"I *am* yours," said Madeline, raising
tearful eyes.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D.

Y brief residence at Rome sufficed to destroy my illusions.

renchman, a student of medicine, I had, heless, remained an ardent disciple of Ca- im,—the faith in which I had been brought up vout mother. She was an Italian, and from id inherited an intense, passionate nature, acity for belief, which my father's nation- ed to neutralize. From him, on the other iad received my education, my profession, tain large habit of thought, which, dis- ill lesser interests, personal or national, itself exclusively with themes of universal This habit, extremely characteristic of ellect, concurred,—perhaps as much as lse,—in making me an ultra-montanist. in, I believed in the Church with ardor,

*** Putnam's Magazine, August, 1869.

—because I believed; as a Fre
a church universal, as alone
my belief. The cause of th
identified with the spiritual ca
the lukewarmness of so-calle
enraged me. I could unders
of materialists, of atheists,
These all occupied a radicall
their eyes were turned toward
But that a man could face Tr
scrimp his vision to a miserable
—could embrace a principle co
touch of a distant finger,—cou
motives, and haggle over the p
this was as incomprehensible to
My own sentiments were equally
to the society by which I was su
opposition which I constantly en
not a little to rivet my convictio
enthusiasm to passion.

My father died almost immedia
ing me on my medical career,—
mother, two years later. In my
liness, I lost all heart for my studi
away from école and hospitals, w
seeking to quench a quenchless
married an Italian girl, whose h
minded me of my mother, but w
the dream of Italian unity such
mother had lavished for the tem
Pope. I think I was unconscio

nce. Valeria's opposition to the
rious and whole-souled, that it
t his cause with new dignity, and
h her I acquired increased respect
ories and for myself as capable of
. Moreover, at the very moment
ts were most at variance, we were
of a subtle sympathy of nature; we
by the same feeling, though work-
directions. Her antagonism, there-
ated me, but,—when the more pro-
l once been established,—fascinated
r charm, and led me, by a health-
back to the ruder antagonisms of
For, deprived of the support of my
confidence, and in the weakness fol-
ve sorrow, I had begun to secretly
leal, which seemed buried in her all-
e. At the same time I clung to it
nsely, precisely because it seemed
-from a sort of morbid craving for
become as unattainable as my
nce. I loathed action, even for the
my dreams, and over-concentrated
tened to degenerate into a sickly
ould presently exhaust the forces of
unnaturally prolonged sleep. New
d in this direction might have driven
le the diversion afforded by Valeria's
iasm and the necessity of making
nce of my own, roused me, and

brought back the blood t
It was, therefore, partly a
vation which led me to Val
—my noble wife saved me

We returned to Paris, wh
pleted my medical studies,
ated when the war broke ou

Four happy, healthful yea
stored my mental equilibrium
extravagant fanatic, prepared
crusade, but still a tolerably
nist, pivoted upon the theory
power of the Pope. Valeria's
fying the superficial exuberance of
had only rendered its energy more
eager for an opportunity to
vigorous facts. Now the opportu
and the enthusiasm blazed
terests, all consciousness of
sorbed in devotion to the
myself a not unimportant
my time, my life, were all
disposal, and I hastened
medical staff of a regi
Valeria, who had alwa
theories, was too consist
putting them into practi
companying me to Ita
Vecchia, I to go to Ro
dren, to Naples, where
sided. She wrote to

a blank of three days without
ame moment arrived the news
is raging at Naples—news which
nous this sudden interruption of
ce. I obtained leave of absence
h, to learn that my wife and
d — fallen among the very first
stilence.

heart-sick, I returned to Rome,
ote myself to the cause with the
earnestness that it was the only
left to me in the world. I arrived
e battle of Montana, and regretted
ad not assigned me a rôle among the
cross, among those who might em-
me death, in exchange for the glory
e Church. Resolved to approach this
arly as possible, I contrived to obtain
ient in the ambulance corps, and ac-
the troops to the field. I have no dis-
lection of that day,—the third after
uneral,—and which, as my first experi-
battle, assumed to me the magnificent
is of an Austerlitz or Waterloo. I only
, intoxicated by the novel excitement of
, perhaps by the mere smell of the gun-
I forgot the duties to which I was assigned,
a musket from a Zouave who had just ex-
my feet, and rushed into the heart of the
I received a slight wound in the fore-
staggered, fell, and fainted away. I sup-

pose I must, at the sa
shock from a larger ba
my temple, and experien
the brain, for I did not fully
until I had been transported
pital.

Here I stayed a week, and
time, into near contact with my
of the faith. The contact, instea
chilled me inexplicably. Instead o
covered scepticism; instead of enthu
flage and eternal quizzing, intolerable
martyrs to a sacred cause.

"Que voulez-vous?" they said, shr
shoulders at my indignant remonstra
ass who carries all his panniers on
stumbles on his own nose. To each
ness; those who believe, don't fight;
fight cannot be expected to believe."

I was surprised to find that my ow
came affected by this indifference, mu
by any influence to which I had
submitted. Others had sneered bec
not know; but these men precisely
knew too well. The cause which de
clusively upon their bravado was beli
own eyes, and presently in mine also.
what ashamed of the drops of blood I
so heroically at Montana, and when
began to flourish the fame of the v
the dying speeches of fallen brave

es on saintly calendars, I could have
dark—everywhere a little martyr-
attle, and innumerable little apothe-
to doubt the greatness of the cause
ich infinitesimals. It is easy to serve
h we have ceased to heartily believe,
ossible to fight for those that have be-
he least in the world ridiculous. Per-
's death had unconsciously disheart-
an enterprise which had been, however
ts occasion - Perhaps many of her
se force I had successfully resisted dur-
time, now re-echoed from her grave
rofound significance. But it is certain
first time, I wavered in affection for
ideal. Alarmed at myself, and deter-
ssible, to reinvigorate my failing faith,
to Rome, trusting that the Holy City
pire me afresh. Appointed to a civil
onsiderable importance, I was soon intro-
to the midst of the Papal Court, and be-
scenes of the magnificent theatrical dis-
at had so long dazzled my imagination. I
itiated into the shameful mysteries of cabal
ntrigue, and taught the precious secrets of
and Cardinals. On every side I saw false-
, treachery, and duplicity welcomed as the
st servitors of truth, the grandest professions
med as an excuse for the most vulgar villainy,
ition glozed over by degrading humility, and
suality all the more disgusting from the saintly

robes in which it was paraded an
cealed. My faith, already enfeebl
decline, stifled by these monstrous
enchanted, revolted, disgusted, I re
tion, and abandoned the Pope and
ever.

I did not, therefore, enlist under
tenacious loyalty to the memory
once served would always prevent
actively attacking them, or from d
graves. Moreover, the revulsion o
quent upon my disillusion was so tre
I was swept entirely out of the regio
tions at issue, and both sides became
me, both camps dim and shadowy in

I returned, therefore, to France,
down in a remote corner of the prov
ercise my profession as a country physic
the accumulated anguish of the last fe
the quiet dulness of the place was infinit
ful to me. I was like a bruised swimme
upon a monotonous sandbank, who only as
left there in peace, until long repose has re
aching limbs, and blunted the harrowing r
tions of the shipwreck. The incessant exci
of Paris was intolerable to me, and scarcely
the idea of revisiting its troops of symp
friends. They would proffer venal consolat
the loss of my wife and children ; they wou
gratulate me maliciously on my conversio
ultra-montanism. I shrank from their curi

Hues, as a wounded man from the
Status of the surgeon, and like him
face to the wall, to sleep.

Thus passed away—two years of
evenings, following one another in
like a row of stolid peasant
to the fields. I became inexpressi-
ble their calm, and by the nice tact
courtesy of Nature, with whom I had
a refuge. She is never astonished,
impertinent questions, but welcomes
her to even suavity, like a liberal host,
me them drawing-room or garret, as
to their fancy. The growing trees
embraced me in their arms, and let
out a word; the grain ripened in the
in days, unheeding the little shadow
across its sunshine. This preoccupied
of all living things, which would in-
vexation, clamorous for sympathy, is
balm to the sufferer from a profound
mortification. Counsel is good, friendli-
us, while anything remains to be done
n impending calamity. But pitying
r an accomplished and irremediable mis-
erve only to revive useless pain, and
ike a man who should try to force open
ds of a corpse. Nature, wiser than
human tenderness, takes the sorrow
a matter of course, and in silence buries

it out of sight am
thickly strewn wit
presence of her imp
blackest days of fro
comes insensibly ins
fidence in the final r
of the village and th
beeches, reflected ba
movable calm. They
about me, because my
dent, respectable, and
no foothold for either c
been sent by Providenc
cine to cure their not
and catarrhs; I acquitte
business,— they asked no
fered nor expected perso
ship.

As the months rolled o
terested than formerly in n
sorbed entirely in my boo
that the healing apathy whi
was growing more profound.
the thickening of the vapors th
ternal world, really denoted tha
to condense and precipitate them
creation. New interests were
should presently claim from my
energy, enthusiasm, and passion
been devoted to the old. Of this I
in the following manner.

One

of books sent to me from Paris, arrived a
et just written in defence of a new theory
ing the movements of the human heart.
riosity was excited by the idea of a new
on such a famous subject, and my interest
y no means abated after perusal of the
hlet. Exposition of this theory would
nd a crowd of technical details, unintelligible
e general reader, and therefore inappropriate
his place. But let such an one take the
ble to listen for a moment to the ticking of a
rt, seemingly so monotonous, simple, and easy
understand, and then reflect that the slight ele-
nts discoverable in this little sound, have been
rced by human intellect into at least twenty
fferent combinations, and afforded ground for as
any theories, each defended with impassioned
arnestness by a different observer. He may then
realize something of the interest which attaches to
the explanation of this phenomenon—may even
experience a sort of mental vertigo, as if he had
witnessed the evolution of a world out of nothing.
Owing to the paucity of the facts to be observed,
the finesse requisite for the observation, and the
intellectual dexterity needed to retain such minute
circumstances before the mind long enough to
think about them, the problem is one of the most
delicate and intricate offered by physiological
science. Once engaged in its discussion, the mind
becomes hopelessly fascinated, and continues to
pirouette about an invisible point, that is neither a

thought nor a material
were, a refined essence of
As in all series of vital
phenomenon in question
rest, that an explanation
considered final, so long
unresolved. The latest e
over hitherto neglected d
to light upon some clue t
tire entanglement in a diffe
upon a new basis ideas no
fixity. The excitement ca
is amply sufficient to sti
there is no need to discover
application for the theory
terest of vulgar minds. T
incapable of such difficult
really competent students w
ent to all lesser advantage
covery of truth. As for me,
moved from active life and
professional career had as y
commonplace to arouse me
practical character of the s
me an additional charm. I
longed, for the present at l
pure thought, pure science,
telligences refined by natu
superior culture. In additi
intrinsic interest of the pro
satisfaction arising from acut

it of this theme, experience all this derived from a consciousness of ority — pleasure as attainable in where since the superiority was too stionable to require the confirma- the crowd.

all other studies, and threw myself to the current of these newly- I ransacked my library, from Haller, from Galen to Helmholtz. any, Italy, France yielded up their excited curiosity. And the theme, ed from intellect to intellect, multi- wildering complexity.

with reading, I performed experi- those of my predecessors, and in- control their conclusions. "With stirred the soil, fetid and palpitat- and in this inmost intimacy with myself grow strong, as Antæus by the mother earth. Thus roused from into the most intense activity,—for is slack in comparison with that of became dissatisfied with the facility of surroundings. I was anxious to pit st the world of Paris. I wanted op- radiction, in order to vanquish them, eir force into the glory of my triumph. studies had now reached a point quired the assistance that could only a great city: in a word, I resolved

to return to the capital
time, as the sequel shou
means rendered me indepe
I left my patients without
easily procured substitute.
upon an interesting case in the
but rheumatism and measles, m
tism, and never an autopsy,—it
as the treatment of fever and agu
the vast metropolitan hospitals,
mens of every shade of disease, a
limited opportunities for auscultat
stood especially in need, for the t
suggested by physiological experi
completed by pathological researches,
only be carried on at Paris.

To Paris, therefore, I came, as to a
so completely had I been separated from
the two last years. It was as if one of
in the metempsychosis imagined by Fou
returned to the brilliant sphere from whic
had driven him in temporary exile. I
first enchanted, intoxicated. The mental
which had seemed so intense in the sluggish
ince, needed to be quickened fourfold to
abreast of the intellects with which I entered in
relation, and the consciousness of the quickenin
affected me as with new wine. But, as I gre
accustomed to my new medium, I became agai
subtly dissatisfied. It was not enough to
abreast of the world, I wanted to be a little ahea

as easy to cherish illusions con-
f my own work, to picture my-
and triumphant wrestler with
y his single strength, of forcing
ts, to reveal them afterwards to
. But at Paris, with its enor-
ı of intellectual force, I could
on the solitary greatness of my
ignore the collective action of
: my attainment, I should be
:s fame with a hundred other
lent me, unasked, their aid.
/een the person who uttered the
ı who said the next to the last,
and this close proximity an-
ged for some brilliant occasion
contemporaries in one great
unity to bestow on science and
ique benefit that could never be
ose accumulated by lesser men.
ıg many things in my mind, I
thèque Impériale. Strolling idly
)ookcases, my attention was at-
le of a thin folio, wedged in be-
ı Geoffroy St. Hilaire. An inex-
ed me to demand this book, the
ılius and his Times." I had no
that I knew of, to be interested
rely followed an idle whim, sug-
he peculiar shape and position of
any solid reason; and this whim

did not hurry me out of my lou
settled myself in one of the windo
turned over the leaves of my book
here and a phrase there, until I alig
upon the following passage: "So t
abroad that Vesalius had opened
living man to see his heart
that the people were in a fury and
with rage, and Vesalius was obl
Spain before the power of the
some say that he then made a
Holy Land. But on his return
ed on a desolate island and p
Hubert, in his *Vindiciæ contra t*
history to the eternal shame of

The world often describes v
material framework of such
impressed its coarse sensibilitie
neglects, because ignoring,
have taken place the crises of
the birth of new, indomit
thinker, however, such outer
tricably associated with th
sprung to life in their mids
serve a vivid recollection of
where I read the story of V
ing-room, with its confused
books, the tables crowded
broad, deep windows th
streamed, and from whic
folio on my lap, watched

ng trees and the long, untrimmed grass
ırtyard below. For the story seemed to
hold of my inmost soul, and touched the
f a long-hidden desire. Why I was so
i could not tell. What issue would open
whirlpool of vague excitement in which I
en, I had no idea. But I was profoundly
us both of the excitement and the emotion,
ıth that refined epicureanism of which *intel-*
people alone are capable, I abandoned myself,
ime, to the subtle luxury of their enjoyment.
reverie was interrupted by the clanging of
reat clock and the scarcely less harsh *voice of*
ardien as he announced the hour for closing
ibrary. Still wrapped in fantastic medi*tation,*
scended the stairs to the street, and followed
rue Richelieu to the boulevard, there to *mingle*
h the human stream that endlessly encircled
: city like a new army of Gideon. Drift*ing in*
e current, I reached the Bastile, crossed the Pont
Austerlitz, gained the Boulevard de l'*Hôpital,*
ıd continued walking to the Invalides, to the
.venues Jena and Wagram, and from the *Place*
les Ternes, all along the exterior rampart. And
ıs I walked, my entangled thoughts gradually *dis-*
engaged themselves into clearness and precision.

The biographer of Vesalius, who evidently *shared*
he prejudices of the people, had exerted himself
trenuously to disprove the calumny attached *to*
ne name of the great anatomist. He, like the
st, was blinded by that vulgar egotism *which*

clamorously prefers the interest
those of society,—egotism no les
vulgar, for the large and abst
for by science are precisely tho
mately affect the greatest nun
and no less inconsequent than
no one hesitates to ruin entire
upon the faintest chance of pr
interests of society. A stock
late hundreds during the con
railroad — a sovereign sacri
contest for a Crimean penin
only begins when the savan
mission to utilize a single lif
of science. He is execrate
burned alive in expiation of
consistency, trivial superstit
time that at least the scienti
cipated. Long enough has
exercised brute tyranny ove
above its comprehension. Th
is past, the moment has arr
assume the sway that righ
him and declare the confisca
the supreme interest of the s

For my part, therefore,
Vesalius because he had dis
should have accorded him
ence for this proof of elevati
judice. And the more I th
the more I became convince

founded, that the deed had really been
ed, which moral cowardice alone induced
ious criminal to disavow.
rood ing fancy, satiated with the image of
eat anatomist, began to occupy itself with
called victim. Who was he? what motive
duced him to surrender his body to the
of the master, his life to the realization of
aster's idea? A slave, a debtor, from whom
genious savant had thus exacted a pound of
A trembling poltroon, forced to the sacri-
nore reluctantly than Isaac to the altar? I
rred rather to believe that it was a favorite
, burning with enthusiasm for the master, joy-
participate in his mighty labors at the cheap
se of his own lesser life. Had Vesalius been
eral, and he an aide-de-camp before a ram-
all the world would have applauded him,
upon death at the word of command. I
had known, by a brief experience, the thrill-
lse to fight, to die, in behalf of a cause.
f blood had been shed for honor, for
r patriotism. Was the desire for truth
than these worn-out passions! Could
r supply their place in the new world
created by science? What could pro-
r impression upon the entire world,
cibly announce the inauguration of a
he voice of a man who should de-
to draw my sword for the hideous
surrender my life at the absurd

caprice of princes; but I
unreservedly, as the inst
majestic schemes for the
My recent studies on the
movements brought me
with the object of Vesalius
talizing results as often
on lower animals, the
that could be deduced
of the human organism,
lively desire for a
This desire had hitherto
the mass of convention
ly overwhelm our timidity
ness in endless routine.
genius had now struck
lect, and emancipated me
hesitation. I—I would
traced by that bolder
calumniated memory
glory by the surpassing
conception. I would
would set the example
science; and all the
should preserve my
and enwreath it with
For, that the purity
suspicion, I would
Vesalius in the capacity
victim, voluntarily
scendent interests

ped up into this grand thought,
v flush with violent emotion.
e first impetus of the idea, I
n a dream, unseeing, unhear-
: surrounded me. Before I
om e, I felt a cool wind blow
fev erish journey on a heated
y s tepped into a cool, dark
g out from the brilliant vis-
ung ed, I found myself already
ates of Père la Chaise—the
the vast majority to which I
film ent of my great idea. I
grav es, and read the epitaphs,
ex pressions of disappoint-
hat the deceased had been
wor ld to which every fibre of
ing. Not so would read *my*
to compose it, less as a witty
dev ice for resisting an insid-
egun to creep over me like a
the graves. For my imagi-
ired to itself the heavy tomb-
down forever, on the cruel
hich I should be lying. I
ture, I shuddered at death,
n rail which girt in a tomb,
is to shut out the signs of
astly emblems of immortality
us *cimetière* was crowded.
ter a brief struggle, I per-

ceived that I was standing
tomb of Abelard and Heloise.
of the unhappy lovers repose
lid of the stone mausoleum, a
centuries, and immortalized
mortal dust below. Tears sp
looked at their still, peaceful
bered my dead wife, and the
Death, that contained them i
could not be frightful to me
treasure-house of all I possess
which I should now hasten
loneliness and longing which
habit, and lately covered ov
awoke, and cried out passion
ling the slight pleasures of
crying for its mother dashes
What was left to me in life
it? What ties bound me t
pery earth? To whom owed
pillow would moisten with
passed out of sight? Destit
ests, I could only devote my
ity, and that by some metho
trate in a single moment bot
its reward. For small were
vive for fame, with whose
laden to no fireside, for
no eyes brighten in
should sicken of it
earned laurels woul
sweet
half
becom

stly wreaths of immortelles hanging
se's tomb. So desolated love joined
ess ambition and ideal enthusiasm, to
my life for the purpose from which,
t has never swerved.
olved upon self-devotion, I set about the
ding a colleague to share the risks and
ny enterprise. I did not conceal from
hat upon him would devolve a rôle far
ficult and complicated than my own.
, the subject of the proposed experiment,
required sublime heroism for the sacrifice.
man who should perform the operation
ssess moral courage to face public criticism,
opprobrium; a trained intellect, already
ed to discussion of the problem in ques-
l impassioned for its solution; great
skill and finesse, able to appreciate and
every detail of the phenomena that would
emselves before his observation; iron
should remain unmoved by any start-
arities of the case in hand.
ssity for uniting so many characteris-
lled me to abandon my first hope of
committee for the experiment; for as
gan to sound physiologists on the sub-
d knee-deep in a mass of invincible
nd prepossessions. The scheme was
daring for the capacity of the mediocc-
onstitute the bulk of even the scientific
st discover some exceptional solitary

enthusiast like myself, able t
brace with joy the grand o
him. To the search for this e
I bent all my energies, and kno
wherever, through the windows
detected on the hearth the upl
flame.

It was astonishing how often I
How often my insinuations, my
direct propositions were repulsed
a professor who had concentrated
his life to the problem I propose
pooh-poohed my scheme. In vain
my methods for overcoming its p
ties; he decried them all, I am
pure jealousy.

"And you ought to know by this,
with a scarcely disguised sneer, "
periment on a human subject wo
value until its results were controll
others. And I doubt that your en
prove sufficiently contagious to fur
for the dissecting table." And he
his ears to any further argument.

I disclosed my plan to a strugg
ready for any adventure that should
notoriety, bring his name before t
thus open the way to a prosperous
he recoiled from a project fraught
so sure and magnificent as mine
interne, flushed with enthusiasm for

ies, started with horror when I divulged
. Many, true Parisian railleurs, regarded
osition as an excellent joke.
ns donc, c'est une vieille blague que tu
s là."
ıll my protestations served only to increase
nusement, and their determination not to
n in.
w eyed me suspiciously, as if they imagined I
ısane, and one old bourgeois doctor had the
inence to administer to me a moral lecture.
oung man," he said, "you are possessed by
ıme preposterous vanity which induced Em-
les to throw himself into Vesuvius, and
ratus to fire the temple of Diana. I recom
a course of dry cupping to the nape of the
to relieve your congested and over-excited
, and, in the mean time, a decent seclusion
society, that you insult with your absurdities."
ushed red with anger, but this last rebuff
ed me that I must change my tactics. Like all
ners, I found the world too stiff and rigid for
urposes, and only harmed myself with kicks
gainst the bristling pricks. I must turn to a
eneration, to early youth, and find some
still unformed and flexible, that I could my-
bmit to a far-sighted training, and cast into
ould of my own ideas. The opportunities of
my contemporaries were unworthy, I would
e as a gracious boon for a well-initiated

Two years had elapse
and the untiring energ
physiological researches
name into notice. When,
open a course of lectures u
ology, my friends all encou
ing assurances.

"A la bonne heure," excla
whom had I once addressed
"something sensible at last. I
occupation will purge your hea
and satisfy your aspirations for f

I smiled stealthily to myself.
light world always measures th
resolutions by its own lightness

I obtained the requisite offici
opened the course at the École I
best auspices. The lectures we
the beginning, and the interest
ed as the weeks rolled on. En
possessed in no small degree th
cating (on all ordinary subjects)
others. I aimed less at imparti
to my pupils than at impressing
by a series of skilfully arrang
periments, therefore, were gov
unity, rarely sought in the cor
positions of official professors
auditors into the inmost laborat
revealed, in plant and anima
that regulated her processes of

elicate nervous filament from the
of the amphioxus to the cerebral
he mammifer. Now I disclosed the
ls in the vast system of circulation,
the spongy network of the mollusk
sh lymphatic of the reptile to the
ling arteries of the double-hearted
nd always, beyond the last disclos-
ıost complete revelation, I hinted at
to come, some higher, unveiled
ich all this grand series was but the
priest who volubly initiates the
o the service of the temple, but
ce to the inner court containing the
ım the service is performed, so I,
magnificent display of animal life,
ed a concealed hereafter, a culmina-
ıman body, hitherto withheld from
ze. I thus strove to suggest an ideal,
incomplete; to foster an impetuous
at, stimulated by the great acquisi-
st, should reach forward irresistibly
prize of the future. I trusted that
auditors would be found one that
the cipher, and quicken over its sub-
intellect, that, carried unconscious-
ırrent of my thought, should finally
nrevealed goal.

most constant attendants on the lect-
g noticed one young man of about
ars old, who always occupied the same

seat close to my operating-ta
bily dressed, with full, inte
face, and brilliant eyes. Hi
not only by his toilette, and
fed expression peculiar to th
also by his absence from all
redoubled assiduity at the
intelligence was evident fr
tion with which he followe
from his manner of taking
like most of the students, b
perceptible only to a perso
of a commanding view of
a little stratagem, I contriv
of his note-book, and was s
observations, the acute sug
information indicated by
Those who have ever exper
discovering an intellect—dis
than that of a gold mine—can
ness with which I devoure
everywhere the stamp of the n
satisfaction was redoubled by
ly the youth and poverty of
crease my facilities for obtai
sion of him. I was not long
for forcing the intimacy of
like most poor students, was
proud as he was poor.

One day, at the close of
my student on the arm.

enough to wait a moment," I said, "I
ing to say to you."
lushed and drew back a little with all
iness of a sensitive person ill at ease
orld, and expecting from it nothing but
d insolence. I fancied that an anxious
crossed his mind that I was about to lay
some payment for lessons, of which he
:rto ignored the necessity. I waited till
:er part of the crowd had squeezed through
:ow door of the amphitheatre, dismissed
erers, and then turned to my companion
frank air of relief, as to an equal with whom
refresh myself after the fatigue of teaching
minds. I saw that I had already won his
before I began to speak.

find that I require another assistant," I said.
e man that I have at present, is, as you know,
:re machine. I need some one interested, en-
siastic, capable of seconding me intelligently.
ant, in short, a pupil. Will you fill the place?"
surprised, overwhelmed with an honor which he
uld so keenly appreciate, the young man flushed
gain, hesitated, stammered, and finally only suc-
:eeded in answering me with his beautiful eyes,
or his tongue refused to speak. I already loved
:he boy; alas! how he has repaid my love!

"It will be a mutual exchange of service," I con-
inued. "You will be of great use to me in my
reparations, and, in return, I may be able to in-
iate you into the mysteries of our art, somewhat

more thoroughly than c
ure."

"I thank you, sir,"
speak coldly, but he look
himself at my feet and c
To relieve his emotion, ir
I patted him friendlily on
immediately to discuss the
lowing lecture.

I had every reason to con
new assistant. His zeal an
seconded my researches, bu
them when over-fatigue per
And Guy's personal charact
as his intellect keen and re
contrived that he should co
and I invented for him so
ployment, by which he could
and lodging, with an insignif
time. He acceded to this ar
apparent terms, but none the
transparent motive, and tacitly
whole soul in acknowledgment
ered my delicate generosity.
souls are apt to throw themselv
change for the most trifling pec
torment themselves, moreover, t
tion is so mean. I smiled at (
none the less turned it to ac
foothold thus gained, I rapidly e
ence over his entire nature. My

to complete his unfinished thoughts, to
with his scarcely conscious feelings, to
ress his principles and co-ordinate them
scheme. Having begun by forestalling
al necessities, I continued to supply the
s of heart and intellect so completely,
came habituated to turn to me for every-
l to receive every thing that came from
implicit faith- I fed him, taught him,
n, and all with such artfulness, that he
resence in his life only as a plant feels the
in its calyx, conscious of no intrusion to
ed, or tyranny to be repelled. It is so
ake the conquest of a young, ingenuous
so easy to fix its impetuous, unsuspecting
sm! I marvel that these exquisite rela-
ween master and pupil are so generally
ltivated, or their charm wasted. I almost
at I did not rest completely satisfied with
that time; with its arduous study, and
g fame, and Guy, with the delicious task
ng his supple intellect to my ideas, and
g his nature with my personality. Only
ess of my ideal saved it from making
shipwreck on this episode in its austere
ards the realization.

became more and more competent, I
nore and more into his hands the prepa-
e lectures. The first excitement of get-
nto train was past, the first keen inter-
by habit; and when the second winter

began, with repetition of all
I went through the business
Often I left everything to r
myself up alone to dream
secretly absorbed my soul.
ill, and, as my exertions
his own, consuming heart
solve to maintain the cours
original popularity. I was
his devotion to such secc
but did not interfere, for i
purpose.

Finally, I believed my pup
and decided that the mom
complete revelation of myse

One evening,—I selected
since at that time the imagir
ble of impressions, and furt
vulgar influences of every-d
study. Guy was seated at
in his usual intense fashion,
a sofa beside him.

"Guy," I exclaimed, "i
you. For eight hours you
those books. You will kill

"Great loss," he answere
your service, and during
edge."

"You love me then,
"Love you!" He, Guy
coming to the sofa, rose
kneele

ut shame, as in France men *can* kiss

ister, my friend!" he said; and I felt
s mine, bound to me by a love passing
of women. I drew him before me, and
ngers through his clustering hair. His
was pleasant to me, independent of the
ant to make of it; and I almost experi-
feminine desire to trifle with it for a mo-
s one shifts a diamond from one hand to
er to watch its changing flame.
ow much do you love me? as the children
What would you do for me?"
would die for you!" he answered vehemently.
t is the first thing youth ever thinks of.
very fulness of life, it can afford to be on
ar terms with death.
ut; that is unnecessary. But would you do
ing I asked of you as a personal favor?"
nly try me. I would go to the ends of the
for you."
Zenez! suppose I was dying King Arthur and
y squire. Would you hesitate to fling away
bur at my command?"
ne paltry bauble! What thought could I
o waste upon it while you were dying?"
t suppose this obedience did not suffice to
me. Suppose that, in my agony, I prayed
drive your own sword into my heart to set
Would you do it?"
sitated a moment "That would be a

terrible prayer; yet if you we
knew that you must die, I woul
you."

"You have said it," I cried,
feet in uncontrollable excitem
quest to make you, I have a p
can fulfil. Swear that you wil
all your love for me, by all
you profess, and for which
other return—swear that yo
about to bid you!"

I saw that Guy was disquie
manner. Instead of replyin
fidence I had a right to expect
revelation that pressed urgen

"Take care," he said, "yo
as if you had a fever. Let u
this till to-morrow."

The upstart boy, thus to da
with his foresight and protec
taught him all he knew, and
offer him a place on my giddy p
fame! I was intensely angry
controlling myself, for I felt th
plosion of violence might ruin
hand over my eyes, as if to blu
alarmed Guy's scrupulous
down quietly again.

"The fact is, my dear Guy
been waiting so long for an op
a certain scheme of mine, that

xcited when this opportunity seems at last
y reach."
t kind of a scheme ?" asked Guy.
eme for the advancement of the science
we are both so interested."
said Guy, with an air of relief, "you
you can rely upon me for any undertak-
direction."
d think so, especially when it concerns
upon which we have both been so long
ıe movements of the heart."
he exclaimed with delight. "You have
ɔmething new for that! Shall I ever
ire your masterly ingenuity. What is
You want to send me to Africa to cap-
noceros? I will set out to-morrow."
ld be the use! All the information
ined by experiment on the higher
lready ours. Since the problem de-
st part of its interest from its appli-
it is on man that the new experi-
performed."
ghed Guy; "we are always trip-
his impossibility."
mpossible," I answered. "I am
experiment shall be performed

n laughed. "Oh! you are jok-

the world. I have even select-

"Eh! well, since you a
may dissect me when you
you of difficulties with the t
"I leave you to settle with
but myself, who is to be t
must perform the experimen
I was surprised at the ca
made this momentous revel
But we are always on the leve
to which we have attained, a
as awful as when viewed fro
Guy did not at all believe
and half an hour's impetuou
to convince him of the realit
resolve. Then he tried to re
"Your experiment will b
said; "because death will
ately after the chest is ope
few seconds that might inte
the heart would beat too rap
tion possible."
"I have devised means f
difficulties," I answered ea
place, the last act of the ex
ceded by the administration
the rapidity of the heart's a
place, I do not propose to o
bistoury. The operation, e
chloroform, would cause to
nervous system. But I in
gradually, by successive ap

:edure for opening hepatic cysts. Deep-
hesions would form and shut out the
urely, and thus probably obviate the
:or artificial respiration. The pericardium
reached with comparatively little disturb-
once exposed, the operator would be able
a first and important series of observa-
:ore proceeding farther. Finally, he would
: pericardium, and arrive directly at the
elf."

i kill you !" cried Guy.

ıould die," I answered composedly, "as
ve died after inoculating themselves with
gue ; only my death would be more glorious,
: incurred for pure science, and in face of a
ty. It is precisely on this account that the
.l insure to our names the honor and rever-
f all future generations."

onsense. You will be pitied as a suicide and
ıan, and I shall be hung at the next assizes."

:oward ! traitor !" I burst forth in ungovern-
passion. "*This* is the extent of your devo-
then ! *These* your narrow calculations and
id reckonings ! You, the one soul in whom I
:ed, the one friend I had in the world capable
ppreciating me ! Oh, shame on such ingrati-
: ! Oh, miserable me, doomed to such disap-
ntment !"

Ie was deeply hurt. I saw that I had made
ne impression upon the hard skepticism with
ıich the world had incased a naturally generous

nature, and pressed my advanta
a torrent of eloquence, reason
treaty. I wrestled with him as f
of a soul; the night waned on ou
tion, and finally, toward three o'
gray dawn began to point weirdl
gained the victory. Guy promis
wish, at whatever risks to himsel
certainty of sacrificing my life in
On the spot, I drew up a paper
the operation should have been p
express command, and stated the
To this document, I trusted to
country the signature of two witne
incurious to sign without reading.
For it was decided that, for the
secrecy and convenience, we shoul
the country, and I selected a locali
hours' distance from Paris, where
unknown. These details settled,
sleep.

But I think neither of us cl
night; and Guy was so pale
next morning that I hardly k
the week that we remained at
arations for our departure,
slept, or spoke, but seemed
like a man in the clutch of a
ious. I was afraid he would
incapacitated for the perfor
However, we managed to

installed ourselves in the lonely
d rented. We hired an old woman
ge to take charge of our housekeep-
levoted ourselves to our work. We
preliminary series of experiments,
as through a suite of lesser apart-
o the throne-room, we were to ap-
hat should crown them all.
ime since he had been my pupil, I
ous, *maladroit*. He turned pale at
d. The struggling of a pigeon,
dog, seemed to make him sick,
mes he laid down his scalpel as
ceed. He was like a neophyte,
e sentimental horrors of which,
his absorbed intellect had been
s. I trembled. If his nerve
en it became *my* turn, and the
iment be thrown away through
on his part! I was furious
d told him so.
u forever if you fail," I said,

case," answered Guy, sighing

es, he tried to rouse himself
e languor, and to drill hand
precision. I watched him
o pardon the least blunder.
his last trial, as men train
g race. Guy was really an

able physiologist, and his sk
ing touches to be as effective
actual condition of science.
weeks I was satisfied, and
next day to begin the last ex

I shall never forget that
ment of my life. I sat at th
room, waiting for Guy, and
valley that basked in the a
was the beginning of Septem
fect days at the prime of t
reached its culmination, and
of its own content. The
purged of the rawness of S
heat of Summer, was as
faintest frost, and restored
mortals might breathe after
earth. The grain had bee
unfallen fruit still weighed
absorbed the sunlight for its
first press of the harvest seas
had not yet begun; for on
and nature paused together;
ascent by which the year ha
table-lands of peace—not i
of action, but the peace of
repose after strife, of matu
rewards. In the perfectio
all possibility of change se
grown, left far behind in a
ence of long ago. The w

and the jasper walls of
harm forever, like coral
the Pacific seas. Only
that had been before, and
follow after, could the re-
itself that this seeming
whoso lingered too long
September would be sure-
ous frost, and biting
was but one way to es-
from this pinnacle of
my secret. I alone, of all
ching winter, had learned
me, not only the year, but
at its pinnacle, refusing to
place, as a dethroned being
table exile. And with these
possessed by an unutterable
fever patients when they

experiment little was to be
who lingered in the labora-
ply the first layer of caustic
heart. The little operation
and this was fortunate, for
so violently, that a delicate
have been ruined. A drop of
coat-sleeve, and in a few
hole entirely through.
exclaimed, "through such a
gaze at the central mystery
you the opportunity."

"Oh!" he cried, "i
you would but use me
spare me this dreadful tr
He had urged this excha
but of course I would not
up my great chance for imm
unique place in the histor
world? No, indeed; I was
sharing my achievement, in t
tion of my fame to even my mo
yond that it were folly, madnes
"Nonsense," I replied therefo
entreaty. "That question has al
ciently discussed. Bah! that caus
It was necessary to wait three or f
renewing the caustic to deepen the
the first application. This delay gra
intolerable to me,—the more, that
it on a multitude of trivial pretexts.
obliged to resume the direction
order him to proceed.
He began to prepare some Vienna
a slow, dawdling manner that irritated
to the last degree. I snatched the
hand and stirred the caustic myself.
"How many centuries have admired Socrate
remarked, "for his theatrical pretence of drink
the hemlock voluntarily. In future ages men
remember with greater admiration how I, with
own hand, prepared the instrument of my deat
Do not forget to mention this circumstance in you
notes, and add that my hand did not tremble."

but at the same
us, and he sprang
dashing the cup in
in angry surprise at
men standing in the
rangers to me, but
saluted me with the
uaintance. I even
olerable softness in
s sometimes assume
One of the intruders
and shook it with un-
ing, I think, at the
on my wrist, just over

decidedly in favor of kicking
fellows down stairs. But so
nce of civilized habit, that I re-
a freezing politeness, inquiring
indebted for the honor, etc.
en are friends of mine," inter-
d stooped on the floor to pick
nents of the cup, and who did
e spoke. "They are amateurs
would be much interested in
ratory that we have installed
ey have taken a long journey,
y, I think we had better first

uttered inwardly. But at the
lected that these visitors with

their congenial tastes migh
witnesses to the experimen
correcting any possible aw
manipulation. I therefore a
tone of cordial hospitality.

"We are at this moment
searches," I said, "that can
you, and where, perhaps, you
vice, if you will consent to sta
put up with our modest accom
first stranger, with a bland sm
most happy to accept your ami
So we four sat down to the dé
cheerful possible humor. The
burned on my breast stimulated
ulation; I felt a secret pride in
wonder of these men, when they
recall the gayety of my demeanor
They, on the other hand, second
in the conversation. Not for years
companions so brilliant, witty, and
They listened to me with the clos
and seemed to find a peculiar charm
of my fancy, to which, for the momen

These men are capable of appre
id to myself, and congratulated m
which had sent them thither.
hen I rose. "Gentlemen," I sai
ress to you the pleasure that I

r. Before we adjourn to the
ıe, in English fashion, to pro-

ıt," said Guy, breaking the
ıad hitherto maintained. "I
undy from Paris the other day,
norning."
ı, and presently returned with
in his hand, which he set before
ıe did so, that he looked rather
: two strangers, but politeness
ess my suspicion. I poured out
ıed the glasses to my compan-

, "to the experiment that shall
science, and to the man that
new revolution in the world."
glass.
ıe others followed my example,
most immediately I felt a subtle
my veins, followed by a deli-
crept inwards to my heart, and
pulsation by an irresistible per-
se. Probably I swooned, for I
s, and all recollection of time
ours.

* * * *

ıyself, I was a prisoner in this
arenton.
ed me,—the false friend,—the
ho trusted him too much, had

fallen
been t
falterec
all alon
For wl
resentn
that th
turn, a
sit, in
some o
release
by whc
ignora
derstai
and cl
a prisc
greate

MRS. KNOLLYS.

S. OF DALE, AUTHOR OF "GUERNDALE."

reat Pasterzen glacier rises in Western
ria, and flows into Carinthia, and is four-
enteen miles long, as you measure it
th in the snow-field, or from where it
ove from the higher snows and its active
rked by the first wrinkle. It flows in
teady sweep, a grand avenue, guarded
untains, steep and wide; a prototype,
designed, of the giants' stairway in the
ace. No known force can block its
ould need a cataclysm to reverse its
What falls upon it moves with it, what
it moves with it—down to the pol-
e of the earth's frame, laid bare; no
ass grows so slowly as it moves, no me-
air is so irresistible. Its substant ice
moulds, and breaks itself like water,—

* *Century Magazine*, *November*, 1883.

he world itself,—a feature to be read
by far-off generations of some other
glacier has a light of its own, and
tars above and the great Glockner
ings his shadow of the planets in its

ollys was a young English bride, sunny-
peful-eyed, with lips that parted to make
them,—parted before they smiled, and all
regions of her face broke into attendant
. And then, lest you should think it meant
, she looked quickly up to "Charles," as she
then call him even to strangers, and Charles
d down to her. Charles was a short foot
r, with much the same hair and eyes, thick
y whiskers, broad shoulders, and a bass voice.
s was in the days before political economy cut
men's wings. Charles, like Mary, had little
ney, but great hopes; and he was clerk in a gov-
ment office, with a friendly impression of every-
ly and much trust in himself. And old Harry
quhoun, his chief, had given them six weeks to
o Switzerland and be happy in, all in celebra-
of Charles Knollys's majority and marriage to
oung wife. So they had both forgotten heaven
he nonce, having a passable substitute; but the
rs divine overlooked them pleasantly and for-
t. And even the phlegmatic driver of their
nner looked back from the corner of his eye
chöne Engländerin, and compared her men-
h the far-famed beauty of the Königssee.

So they rattled on in their c
the pole in the middle and t
side, and still found more
eyes than in the world a
Charles was only one and
was barely eighteen, and to
in his age, as in all other thin
as simple as it had been sh
being a little girl, and then t
curred was Charles Knollys, a
thing she remembered of in
Mrs. Charles Knollys; so th
her guardian aunt and his, h
love of a baby, and then but
this, of course, was five and fort
know how old she was when
Switzerland last summer—three
They first saw the great mount
mit of the Schafberg. This is a
cornered, between three lakes; a
for Central Europe. Mr. and M
seated on a couch of Alpine roses
dendron bush watching the sunse
was desirous of kissing Mrs. Knol
dodendron bush was not thick en
waiting for the sun to go down. H
in doing this, and by way of cons
was keeping his wife's hand hidden
her dress. Undoubtedly a modern la
been talking of the scenery, givi
pictures of the view; but I am afrai

husband, and talking with
ad bought in a Surrey vil-
ill, and thinking how the
oideries would look there
road. And, indeed, Mrs.
Box Hill an eminence far
er, and Charles's face an
sight than any lake, how-
sun, looking askance at
mist, was not jealous; all
ory lavishly for them, and
of a lake twinkled cannily
inally it grew dark; then
It was full night when they
his arm and looking up;
the snowy shoulder of the
es away, came over, straight-
n to her face. Three days
crossing with her the lower
zen glacier, slipped into a
utterly from the earth.

II.

now. And I was also told more
rl, bride and widow at eighteen;
to throw herself into the clear blue
efused to leave Heiligenblut; how
earless, by the rim of the crevasse,

day after day, and gaze int
guide or man was always wit
for it was still feared she wo
husband to the depths of th
went over from England
waxed; autumn storms set i
win her from the place when

If there was a time worse
moment, it was when they
never could be found. Th
her this for many days, but
idle cranes and ladders, and
with ropes. Some of the bi
even descended into the
selves for an hour or so,
something was being dor
would have followed them
wander through the p
Charles. It was well she
could do was to lower hi
so, chisel out a niche, and
honest pipe to pass the ti
could hear the murmur
Meantime Mrs. Knollys
downward from above,
her waist, looking ove
herschrund.
told her the truth.
made to do so. The
tion turned to glad

e Traunsee, and more particularly
ratdocent Splüthner. Splüthner,
had his hobby-horse, his pet con-
gods *ex machinâ*, which he brought
scientific emergencies; and these
ales, were Fire and Water. Craters
his accustomed scapegoats, upon
re charged all things unaccount-
err Doctor, who had only one ele-
ose from, and that a passive one,
eneral principles, that Splüthner
got as far off as he could and took
mer having pooh-poohed this, Zim-
s hypothesis with redoubled zeal.
nced that ice was the embodiment
Fixing his professional spectacles
l nose, he went into Carinthia and
at Venice mountains, much as he
ormed any other scientific experi-
encamped on the shores of the
r, and proceeded to make a study

l that the Doctor, taking a morning
bject of his experiment, in search
which might verify his theory, met
ing in her accustomed place. The
much puzzled, that morning, on
at the foot of the glacier the im-
n-manual as it were, of a certain
intance the Doctor had previously
pical seas. This fact seeming, su-

perficially, to chime in with Spliithn
in a most heterodox way, the Doct
for a moment been diverted from th
was wondering what the fish had be
in that particular gallery, and sec
whether it had known its own m
thither with the full knowledge and
its maternal relative. Indeed, the
would probably have ascribed its
malicious and personal causation o
that the one point on which he and
agreed was the ignoring of unscien
The Doctor's objections to the devi
less strenuous for being purely scie

Thus ruminating, the Doctor can
where Mrs. Knollys was sitting, a
tle path had now been worn fro
was nothing of scientific intere
young English girl, and the Doc
her; but he took from his w
leaden bullet, moulded by him
"Johannes Carpentarius, Juva
259," and dropped it, with muc
the crevasse. Mrs. Knollys gav
bullet was heard for some secon
the sides of the chasm; the tin
the winter, but they waited in vain
final fall. "May the Spliithne
learn by it," muttered the Doc
recover it."

Then he remembered that t

ded with a sound unaccounted for by the
ty of the bullet to the laws of gravitation;
sking up he saw Mrs. Knollys in front of
longer crying, but very pale. Zimmer-
tarted, and in his confusion dropped his best
registering thermometer, which also rattled
the abyss.
ou say," whispered Mrs. Knollys, "that it can
be recovered!"
Madam," spoke the Doctor, doffing his hat,
w would you recofer from a blace when the
llest approximation which I haf yet been able to
e puts the depth from the surface to the bed of
gletscher at vrom sixteen hundred to sixteen
dred and sixty *mètres* in distance?" Doctor
mermann spoke very good English; and he
ied his hat upon the back of his head, and as-
ed his professional attitude.
But they all were trying ——" Mrs. Knollys
e faintly. "They said that they hoped he could
covered." The stranger was the oldest gen-
n she had seen, and Mrs. Knollys felt almost
nfiding in him. "Oh, I must have the—the
She closed in a sob; but the Herr Doctor
at the last word, and this suggested to him
language of scientific experiment.
fer it? If, madam," Zimmermann went
ll the satisfaction attendant on the enunci-
scientific truth, "we take a body and drop
schrund of this gletscher; and the ice-
es so slower at its base than on the up-

per part, and the i
reach the base, which
you, it is all caused by
But at this Mrs. K
and her guide rushed up
sor, who stared helpless
help me, sir," said she to th
the guide her arm and walk
The professor still stared
enthusiasm for scientific ex
sion with which she greeted
was a person who utterly re
the agency of ice, or even,
and Water; and went out of
hypotheses to call upon a N
Splüthner and Zimmermann
agencies and made allowance
Divine they had always hit
The Doctor could make noth
At the inn that evening he
swollen eyes; and remembe
afternoon, he made inquiries
keeper. The latter had hea
of the meeting; and as soo
made plain what he had t
body, "Triple blockhead!"
Mumm." The Herr Professo
his seat; and the kindly inn
see what had happened to his
Mrs. Khollys had recovere
by this time, but the truth co

The innkeeper could but nod his head sadly, n she told him that to recover her Charles was peless. All the guides said the same thing. The or girl's husband had vanished from the world as tterly as if his body had been burned to ashes and cattered in the pathway of the winds. Charles Knollys was gone, utterly gone; no more to be met with by his girl-wife, save as spirit to spirit, soul to oul, in ultramundane place. The fair-haired young nglishman lived but in her memory, as his soul, if ill existent, lived in places indeterminate, unnowable to Doctor Zimmermann and his comers. Slowly Mrs. Knollys acquired the belief at she was never to see her Charles again. Then, last, she resolved to go—to go home. Her engtth now gave way; and when her aunt left she d with her but the ghost of Mrs. Knollys—a ken figure, drooping in the carriage, veiled in ck. The innkeeper and all the guides stood e-headed, silent, about the door, as the carriage ve off, bearing the bereaved widow back to land.

III.

HEN the Herr Doctor had heard the innkeeper's er, he sat for some time with his hands planted is knees, looking through his spectacles at the site wall. Then he lifted one hand and struck

his brow impatie
chemical reaction
"Triple blockhe
thou art so bad as
tion could have
Thinking again of
gruff sob. Then h
wandered by the sh
repeating to himse
"*They said that they*
mermann came to th
ments, and stood th
He went to his mea
one sunk deep and
drilled into a rock
head!" said he again
ner. The Splüthner
thou, thou knowest t
his rods to the mou
slight and all but imp
from the day before.

He could not bear t
and all the next day w
a month he stopped
himself with his inst
place greeted him col
on their glacier excur
ing. But none the l
the following summer
say in refutation of th
Mrs. Knollys went

r, and lived there. The chests and cases she
ht back lay unopened in the store-room; the
·ooms of the cottage that was to be their home
ned bare and unadorned, as Charles had seen
last. She could not bring herself to alter
now. What she had looked forward to do
him she had no strength to do alone. She
· went out. There was no place where she
go to think of him. He was gone; gone
England, gone from the very surface of the
. If he had only been buried in some quiet
ish churchyard, she thought,—some green
: lying open to the sun, where she could go
scatter flowers on his grave, where she could sit
look forward amid her tears to the time when
should lie side by side with him,—they would
be separated for her short life alone. Now it
ıed to her that they were far apart forever.
ıt late the next summer she had a letter from
)lace. It was from Dr. Zimmermann. There
need here to trace the quaint German phrases,
ormalism, the cold terms of science in which he
e his meaning plain. It spoke of erosion; of
novement of the summer; of the action of the
er-waters on the ice. And it told her, with ten-
sympathy oddly blended with the pride of sci-
ic success, that he had given a year's most
ful study to the place; with all his instruments
neasurement he had tested the relentless gla-
s flow; and it closed by assuring her that her
and might yet be found—in five and forty

years. In five a
staked his scient
and forty years
would give up it
This letter ma
her willing to li
until old age—
given back. Sh
home. The trif
Charles were nc
ties and pictures
journey. She
thing looked, tu
visitor, as she ra
and then she wc
and cry a little,
Charles had tolc
sought to furni
them in their m
nearly as she cc
gether. One rc
room Charles h
She had no chil
But she chang
ing of the years
middle-aged, sw
yet like an old
girl in love, wit
ney. She lived
band, she clung
child. She nev

e Professor's letter, she never
ize that her husband was dead.
back to her?
knowledge of dear English
a woman so much loved. In
s she always the most welcome
we boys would go to her for
she was the confidante of all
cannot speak for girls; but I
he same with them. Many of
happiness to her. She would
r pettiness and folly, and teach
ence and example, what thing
ld keep life sweet. How well
little Surrey cottage, the little
e the husband had never been!
imagine his presence, even the
ren: boys, curly-headed, like
, blue-eyed daughters; and the
imagining seemed but to make
y. Charles still lived to her as
im in the month that they were
through life with her as her
ncied he would be. She never
at might have occurred; of fail-
ares. Her happiness was in her
l the earthly part was absent.
two events in her life—that which
at which was to come. She had
loss; now she lived on for his re-
I have said, she changed, as all

things mortal chan
stream and the star
her mind grew deep
with it all ; she wa
the depths of hum
member her only
Only her heart did
heart, and the mem
his face, as he bent
fore he slipped and
for his body, as pos
—waited for hers
taller; her eyes
straighter, darker t
only the expressi
Knollys !

Human lives ra
five, ahead ; Mary
Many of us wait,
those few years al
Mary Knollys wai
dead. Still, after
black ; only silve
ribbon or two. I
to think her husb
doing this and tha
this good fortun
were few, mercif
living thing, to
hand in hand ; it
itself to suit her

r seemed to make it sure that
e with her, really shared her
in the far-off days of her
It hardly seemed that he had
ien—she remembered him so
think that he had never been
e cottage. And now, at sixty,
of him as an old person too;
de, late in life, mature, deep-
wisdom of years, going back
ecall the old, old happiness of
when they set off for the happy
and the long life now past
t before them both. She never
ou children never knew it; but
mind.

n stone in the little Surrey
ay and moss-grown with the
on which you remember read-
llys—lost in Carinthia"——
ld have inscribed; he was but
at he was dead. Was he not
here was no grassy mound be-
s smooth. Not even the date
. Knollys never went to read it.
should come; until that last
e travels of their wedding-days.
to Germany to bring him home.
fe went on in England, and the
s moved on slowly; and the
to be gone.

In the summer of
village of Heiligenbl
sons. One was a yo
long hair and spectac
lish lady, slightly be
finger of time had
Her hair was white
black veil. Their h
Every morning, wh
deepest into the ice-
Pasterzen glacier, t
then both would sit
into its depths. Ne
there. The woman
the late afternoon;
the morning light v
The man was th
son of his father, t
But the Herr Doc
when late in life,
present, and to co
his dying moment
should repair to t
in the year 1882,
bullet, graven wi
A. U. C. 2590. A
father's science.

immermann the younger (for even he
ger young) was fearful lest Splüthner
ive to witness his own refutation. The
the man never spoke to each other.
one could have known Mrs. Knollys for
glish girl who had been there in the
of the century; not even the innkeeper,
a there. But he, too, was long since
Knollys was now bent and white-haired;
gotten, herself, how she had looked in
ys. Her life had been lived. She was
roman of another world; it seemed an-
in which her fair hair had twined about
l's fingers, and she and Charles had
the evening mountain, and looked in
's eyes. That was the world of her
s, but it seemed more like a world she
en born on earth. And now he was
: to her in this. Meantime the great
acier had moved on, marking only the
e men upon its borders had seen no
same great waves lifted their snowy
ts surface; the same crevasse still was
d fallen. At night, the moonbeams,
shivered off its glassy face; its pale
ed the night, and immortality lay
ts hollows.
ere with Mrs. Knollys, but she left
inn. One old guide remembered her,
bear her company. He went with her
ing, and sat a few yards from her,

waiting.
would
that the
lishwom
self had
Knollys
depths o
One ni
the sun,
back int
within, in
a face tu
saw Char
his lips h
he fell.
and was
happened
again the
one of he
door, an
slept, the
The su
She sat
murmur
her feet.
seemed
as one
full sun
guide h
Charles
there w

forty years gone by. Safe
armed, there lay—O God!
the Charles of her own
l through life with her and
; not the old man she had
mind—but a boy, a boy of
g asleep, a ghost from an-
to confront her from the
l in the immortality of the
is quaint coat, of the fashion
ore; his blue eyes open; his
l the form of the past she had
is bride stood there to wel-
wrinkles, her bent figure, and
was living, he was dead; and
years older than he.
g-kept tears came to her, and
ld in the snow. The old man
, silently, and began working
lan lay weeping, and the boy
smile, lay looking at them,
veil, from his open eyes.
Professor found his bullet;
e that the scientific world rang
he thesis that he published on
and the changeless tempera-
ther mometer had shown. All
I know no more.
the English churchyard there
and a single stone, to Charles
his wife; and the boy of one

and twenty sleeps there with
three; his young frame with her
hair beside her white. And I
there is not some place, not h
still together, and he is twent
eighteen. I do not know this
the pamphlets of the Germa
me it is false.

Meantime the great Paste
and the rocks with it; and t
shadow of the planets in its

ER-PARTY.

SUCCESS?

JOHN EDDY.

g, you must understand,
of the work in hand."

1855 there resided at the
one of the largest of our
who will be called for the
Bernon Burchard. He is
table person. For fifteen
practising lawyer, and had
profession. His personal
prepossessing. His mind
d well-stored with varied
honor was pure and dis-
e president of the Jewish
of Caius Cæsar, he "was

kly, *November*, 1872.

had in reputation of all t
blessed with a capacious sou
ly inclined to acts of benev
In society he held the for
fitted by birthright, educat
highest social position. His
and learning and generous
to complete a most pleasir
man.

At this time, upon the old
England, from which the fir
this country emigrated in 1
field Burchard, who dispens
to all the American kindred
to fatherland. Mr. Bernon
of all the name, had specia
the said Winfield in lasting
teem for the many and grea
him and his immediate fa
years,—favors which were
ing because it was nearly c
infirmities of the host that t
on this side of the Atlantic
opportunity of reciprocatin

At a certain period in th
when Bernon Burchard's er
for his English namesake,
the Rev. Mr. Malcolm of C
introduction from Winfield
ed his nephew to the atte
his many virtues and acqui

r. Bernon Bur-
ow his new cousin
ttention, as some
hich he held the

Rev. Mr. Malcolm
iatic temperament,
ners. His brown
, which under em-
ut with remarkable
his countenance a
showed at least a
ledge ; he had evi-
ce of many of the
d had the air of a
world.
ntertainment of the
ly one pertinent to
grand dinner-party,
had ever been given
nce and sumptuous-
nd learning display-
ts, as well as in an-
our purpose to un-

s the Rev. Mr. Mal-
inity, famous for his
nguage and in Rab-
times greatly embar-
ity to hold what he
r his risibles. There

was also a profe
lighted in the tra
Sophocles, but w
for the humorous
ars to quote cert
who were seldom
among the learne
our professor ha
other less favored
was present a bra
memories and wit
enjoyment of the
of distinction, wh
lied upon when fe
Senator, who was
Reverend, who wa
nomist and exper
gravest of all, and
taking rather than
eral others, who,
teners.

In Vespasian's
given *præcise*, and
almost the same
paid his respects
stood upon his rig
man who had the
called the butler,
a rolled-up napk
nouncing the read
of the Cæsars. Th

dining-room, and Mr.
rear, also an invariable
1" in the times of the

passing through the hall,
omist and expert, seemed
Mr. Burchard, supposing
verawed in the presence
hurried him along, while
in his ear, "With all re-
blind than Bartimeus."
neretofore described in the
thly in these words, "His
appearance you may find
t any hour of the day.
him to attract attention.
years of age, and weighs
ounds. His face is florid
s eyes are small, piercing,
is are slow, and none are
. The wrinkles in his lips
his mouth, and a close ob-
his countenance self-reli-
ill and purpose."
portant personages present,
ed largely to the success or
feast, was Mr. Burchard's
the same who handed the
d when Mr. Sidney entered
or eight years he had resided
id endeared himself to the

whole household by the kindn
votion to the interests of his
perfection of knowledge in ev
to an entertainment and the cr
in refined society. He was
dark complexion, smooth face,
of countenance, very quiet in
aged about forty-five.

The Rev. Mr. Malcolm, most
was seated on the right of the ho
in the most approved English
distinct enunciation. The Doct
on the left. Beside his plate w
beautifully executed in Hebrew
prise of the host and to the cr
The doctor's attempt at translati
English afforded not a little amu
not particularly successful in the
he was so perplexed thereby whe
Professor of Greek, that he could
annoyance, and the whole compa
excited lest the professor should
so far as to mar the harmony of t
was beginning to be painfully emb
the doctor discovered beside the
a similar bill of fare equally
Greek, and the doctor begged le
him, "What is the difference be
and *azumos* (biscuit), and
tyrontes and *dolyres* and
tutes differ?"

confused as to
he Rabbin in partic-
indeed in almost un-

further inquired the
highly flavored *arto*
h the Epicureans are
y that they could de-
ation had become dis-

had changed to the
those who had been
discomfiture of the
ne other extreme by
n from his own flesh
gainst the attacking
t was becoming too
othing could have
turn that was given
Rev. Mr. Malcolm in
on of the Athenian
ith each other in the
eventy-two different
tional phrases which
. As Mr. Malcolm
ful and descriptive
o had recovered his
ly, the whole com-
s eye the girls and
Athens who more
ago had called aloud

their "*melitutes* sweeter
of Mount Hymettus,
baked with cheese."]
nity in the reverend ge
scription, or in the cha
guish the girl from th
his sagacity and readin
order to efface the fear
preceded. It also gav
tunity to translate wha
had been too much con
Then came a glowing
of bread in ancient Rom
Ædiles in their daily r
bread-stands. Here ag
ceedingly happy in his
ners of the Ædiles and
ed along, giving a *tal*
unique and very descrip
The Right Reverend
historical reference to K
connection declared tha
as the human race. M
about so queerly that
offered him a penny. H
and seemed in doubt wh
it twopence.
"I have always supp
modestly, "that the l
were pultiphagists, and
lomanze were the first

: professor, he
Professor had
m some of the
fictitious. He
ıad been made,
ard-of philoso-
would become
se to be pulti-
l."

Reverend fell
professor drew
ok the lead of
ainment of the
enraptured at
Greek scholar,
ıracters he had
ıcestius, Stepha-
Mithaceus on
om-buds, Hege-
n Soused Mack-
after which Mal-
xury of living in

cius, was intro-
the dishes which
Then followed
hen foreign lux-
e from Asia, and
in grand review,
repeated, follow-
uests. Of these

Pantaleon, Epiricus, E
and Tyndaricus, whom
all youth," received the
Paulus Æmilius, who
Rome was graced by the
donia, came in for his s
laration that "there is
army into the field and
inasmuch as one is to
other to please your frie
Many instances of th
being engaged in cooki
of Charlemagne was t
Patrocles, the geograpl
under Seleucus and A
the heroic Ulysses roas
godlike Achilles wash
boiled the turnips upon
Condé fried pancakes,—
enjoyed the honors of
ing peas in an earthen
Then followed a desc
to Rome after the con
the edicts of Archian, I
for its suppression,—t
being limited by impe
—of the resistance o
Durenius and others, a
duced by Vitellius).
heard enough of this
turned their attention

ecially when Mal
veet-breads, Hice-
onysius on sugar

time the professor
profound admira-
tleman and ripe
tly expecting that
eat universities of
be raised to some
England.
the writer to be
of the hits and
out the table, and
ssary to the ques-
er, one other sub-
lively interest and

ry whether it was
and religion for
to act as counsel
he knew or had
ient guilty of the
one and all, re-
Malcolm, as if in
iiries. The Right
decidedly oppos-
subject was well
all before them.
cept the doctor,
im if he believed

in capital punishment,
tive nod, he proceeded:
laws require of every p
comes a member of the leg
take an oath that he will
"Yes."
"And that our statutes
shall assign counsel to a c
made that provision for hi
"Yes."
"And that the state at i
the attendance of the wit
and you approve these law
"Yes."
"And once more, woul
court should hang a man
a plea of guilty, or that th
law should be enforced
proof to the satisfactio
reasonable doubt?"
After a moment's reflect
he should prefer that the
carried into effect only af
upon the fullest investi
may be that the accused
edge as to what constit
or he may be mistaken a
tions; or, indeed, he ma
bid condition of mind,
may be legally taken, a
least one such."

e you not ad-
tenable your posi-
the law which re-
l to his client, the
e accused, the law
f the witnesses for
the state, and pro-
executed *only* after
t is the object of
y the interest of
he criminal. The
ts own safety, and
nd the blunder of
t the whole truth
would the govern-
f a guiltless man
nerefore, a lawyer
n murderer he is
f the statutes and
the government
ng officer to the
y so, he is serving
l only. Even the
ıish, except these
with and the of-
heard of the in-
Vermont, and of
ıe crime of mur-
ve of being exe-
ed man put in his
ould justice *have*

appeared had the defence be
cious, faithful, and conscien
being conducted in such a b
the bones of a horse did dut
supposed murdered man!
better duty as a bugbear for
other legal decision."

Mr. Burchard became quit
the assertion that he would ne
and afterwards, no matter w
should subsequently acquire, d
he doubted if a conscientious l
right to refuse to defend a brot
of crime. "For the refusal,"
upon the ground taken by the
stantially is that no defence ou
that sentence should be passed
inal whether the crime can be
I am at a loss to discover how
tor can approve of the require
which have been referred to
honest, conscientious lawyers
with them."

Mr. Burchard, feeling tha
what more enthusiastic than
ed, changed the subject in
"You all remember that
delphia made a special de
sand dollars in gold in th
some expert thieves by m
obtained possession of the

peculiar and was most
hief drove so sharp a
New Orleans that the
from the genuineness
ge of exchange to be
Many propositions
ich were not mutually
ogue told the cashier
imposition he would
teen thousand dollars
n twenty-dollar gold-
t discovered till thir-
epositor called for his
ly detectives were em-
ave all seen. He is a
his ability in this de-
s as much as Vidocq's
ordinary country con-
tuition that none of us
ogues had carried their
thither he proceeded.
d about that city by
intent upon the one
lew that should direct
robber. At the end
no progress, and re-
ere he continued some
ntented and vexed at
at he felt certain that
their head-quarters, he
After ten days' further

buried for two years;
what has been above
ct that the old gentle-
ninth, at least, of the
confident that he had
to make a powerful
had gone so far to
ltogether given over
f bad men, he could
old gentleman knew
tagger his mind and
r an interview of less
by an art of which we
magnetism and elo-
my acquaintance ever
ly induced the father
up out of his garden
nty-dollar gold-pieces
ıy friend Mr. Sidney,
zble. And not only so,
gentleman to go with
to get possession of
ıeld by the proprietor
:h he also actually ac-
ıbout six miles from
-keeper and his wife

Court I had occasion
's marvellous ability
The case turned en-
though some twenty

DINNER-

full of ink, which was almost ex-
second letter and replenished on
ne operation is repeated five times.
it the writer was in poor health, and
axed when he wrote his name. I
nion, therefore, that the signature
le the writer was on his back and
pen was higher than the tip.'
oint of the testimony the face of the
ainst whose interest the witness was
came luminous, and he at once rose
id that it had altogether passed from
l that moment.
now I shall have the pleasure of giving
n entertainment that you will remember
lifetime; and I know whereof I affirm
te that my friend here present will, one
lmes in succession and without a mistake,
ngle specimen of the handwriting of an
ll, give his age within two years, his
ithin an inch, his weight within ten pounds,
ession, whether married or single, his tem-
it and peculiarities, his moral character,
—''

Sidney was here observed to shake his head
ost determined manner.
if my friend,'' proceeded Mr. Burchard,
give us the characteristics of some of our
rs who may be passing, this company will
lly delighted and astonished, for I assert

that he will invariably hit
man from a single glance
after ten years of intercours
Again Mr. Sidney shook
ject was not again referred
At a late hour the comp
serting that he had never
evening.
The reader will unders
of the conversation are l
and so much as bear upo
of the article. The spar
be somewhat dimmed
agreeable was the flow
wit. so electric the ref
turns in the conversat
be too practical, that
reference to the comp
to each other, as the
after, that in their lif
such elegant luxury
ure in an entertainm
Mr. Sidney agai
speak a word confi
circumstances, and
colm, prevented.
Both Malcolm a
train for New Yo
was near at han
host good-night,
before many da

ty in his eyes. Mr. Malcolm

owing morning, while Mr.
kfast, he received the follow-

SQ. :—
ter leaving your hospitable
nd while I was hastening to
e night train for New York, I
watchmen who arrested me,
ary, and have detained me at
now. In order that I may
in New York, I have waived
ation before the magistrate,
become my bail, that I may
ed to the important duties
sewhere. Before many days
aste will be ascertained, and
e to the watchmen ; and the
luntarily *nol prosed.*
ur friend and servant,
MALCOLM.

ped his cup, and without
his wife, hastened to the as-
gave the required bail, and
proceed on his journey, all
th the thought that Winfield
r or later be informed that

his letter of introductio
to his nephew.

Before his departure,
Burchard a draft for on
secure him as his bail, a
for his defence should s
and Mr. Malcolm added
is most singular that I, w
should so soon claim the
tion of your duty made
have so suddenly become
devoutly trust that I ma
ance at a time of so gre
plexity."

To which Mr. Burchard
most gladly, to the utm
incessantly for his guest a
sist that he should be left
will, without reference to a
tion, and out of the high
his friend and benefactor

To which Malcolm resp
accommodation to me if y
the draft and collect the s
credit, for I prefer not to
so large an amount of mon

The result was that Mr.
draft. He then proceeded
daily newspapers and supp
arrest, "for," said he to
ing it to appear you will g

one of the most pious and accomplished
men in the English Church, and I am fully
e of the reason of his haste when overtaken
he watchmen, for he had left my house but a
minutes before and was hastening to the train
en the real rogues ran past him.

There was one scurrilous little journal among
he newspapers at whose office Mr. Burchard neg-
lected to call. In their next issue the following
appeared:

"*Another Robbery.* About two o'clock last night
the dwelling of W****** H. B**** on B—— Street
was burglariously entered, and a considerable
amount of silver plate, jewelry, and other valu-
ables taken and carried away. The loss is estimat-
ed at two thousand five hundred dollars. The
daughter of Mrs. B—— heard the noise of the rob-
bers as they left the house and gave the alarm.
Two watchmen, who were in the immediate vicin-
ty, gave chase, and one of the robbers, who gave
his name as George Lathrop, not so swift of foot
the others, was overtaken and carried to the
lice station, where he waived an examination,
e the required bail of twelve thousand dollars,
is now at large. There were two other partici-
rs in the crime who outran the watchmen. La-
was observed to throw away something in his
A subsequent search discovered it to be a
rrought mat of c urious construction, the han-
of Miss B——, which sufficiently identifies
f the thieves with the transaction. The

other two were su
bail in like amoun
yet been recovere
which bail was g
sureties, it would
not only men of
men in high social
On reading the f
nation knew no bo
rilous journal, whi
contemptible than
derstood how gre
over his passions
earthquake was pe
most beside himsel
tion had somewhe
sense of honor t
feared that his g
might hear of the
with George Lath
durance, dejected
the rallying-point,
and threw himself
by exhaustion fell
evening. He rose
before a bright w
the coals. Snow
ments till the trar
muffled and hush
brary, and entere

the entertainment of the previ-
finding that it was considered by
successful, begged Mr. Burchard
tificate which would secure him
should anything ever occur by
he should relinquish his present
upon Mr. Burchard turned to his
wrote as follows:

December, 1855.

ly that M. Maguire has resided in
ght years last past, and during all
conducted himself with the most
, and has shown consummate skill
id in all matters pertaining to the
tte of a feast has no superior, and
ecommend him, in case he shall
ployment, as an honest, upright,
, and worthy of my regard.

BERNON BURCHARD

d to Maguire with the remark
fficiently comprehensive he
one as he desired and he
re, perceiving that his em
ative mood, quietly left the
Burchard came into the
talk over the dinner-part
is a great success, and th
rs. Burchard began to
Did you observe that

"What abo
"Why, the
pened to h ave
it. Now, my
have grown ir
an entertainin
anecdote, and
I don't fancy h
Greek, and Lat
The door-bell
ed. "Thank
So rejoiced was
with emotion
Grasping his h
"You received
"No."
"Then what
Mrs. Burchar
not free in he
when Mr. Sidne
said: "Mr. Bur
eminently an ho
still. Do you g
"Yes, but if
what brought yo
the necessity you
"I told you
Sidney, "for I fe
yourself to an
scamps by whom
the thought of it

ain at New Haven bound east-
to come again to you and in-
peril."
e that I am in any peril."
ware of it you would be safe, and
owledge is the reason of my re-

y information of what has trans-
vening?" inquired Mr. Burchard.
ver."
len yourself with the least possible
: been so harassed and tormented
as almost to be overwhelmed; and
: that I hold your judgment in these
prophecy, I beg you will proceed,
dered over and over again your
you compared me, both at the be-
ling of the company, to Bartimeus."
Mr. Sidney, "I wish you to under-
ve never before last night seen or
two or three persons concerning
e to speak, and I feel that I ought
ur permission to say all that is in
t comes nearer home to you than

it; go on."
ie that the heart of a man changeth
ice, then it is absolutely certain to
your clergyman is the most unmiti-
and it may, with propriety, be said
no conscience at all, so perverted

has it becom
and a passer
ness is burgl
and had his m
not have beco
great quality
and he has a
thing about hi
an instance of
to appear in t
ment, and to
heart in it. It
of his craft s
how he wheed
Mr. Burcha
stated.
"And that
as walks the e
"Woman!"
eight years he
servants and
"*Now, Mr*
ing him strai
me that you d
"I surely d
"Then the
to yours. H
voice? Has
make any mo
Surely not.
art, more th

rts continually with thieves and robbers,
ı do not suspect it you ought to know it,
is what has brought me here. Your
n fire of hell, and you do not seem to ap-
t. Did you not notice at the table that
some wine on the Reverend (?) Mr. Mal-
ıd and white cravat, and do you suppose
:idental? No, sir, they are better ac-
han you and I, for he did not start when
e, but was conscious who did it. When
your drawing-room and saw you stand-
:n these two graceless villains, I looked
in order to ascertain how many of that
present, and finding but one other,
ı you had been imposed upon and that
prove the opportunity to study human
hould like to be informed how it came
t that reverend state's-prison bird ob-
vitation from you."
ıard explained the method of the in-
y a letter from his kinsman in Eng-
›re stated.
u the letter?"
being produced, after a moment's ex-
: said: "Very well done. *Very* well
better at that than I supposed, yet
letters show more than one stroke of
e is an Englishman, but learned to
ıany. He was once a cook. He does
colm as if used to it, and that is an
e. Great nerve, assurance, self-reli-

anc
con
man
tion
muc
plac
fort
if it
Tha
sho
thei
"
"ar
M
rece
par
gon
M
had
the
the
one
one
wh
tha
wa
the
wh
to
co

in had gone to which your supposed
hastening. That mat also should have
ou ; and what an adept he was to have
gh of the forms of law to have waived a
examination and to have secured you
re you had recovered from your dream !
d well to get your opinion last night of
: lawyers to defend rogues. Mr. Bur-
are harnessed. You must now defend
. Your mouth is closed, you have pock-
iner. A thousand dollars' fee does not
ght work, but seems to imply a strain
· conscience. I once heard the ex-secre-
esident Harrison's Cabinet decline a like
ecause it implied too much for his honor."
dney touched a sensitive place. If Mr.
had any reputation or quality as a
t was for his unsullied integrity and keen
honor. The ability of Mr. Sidney in his
ent had not brought that comfort which
chard had hoped for. His distress of mind
great that Mr. Sidney judged he had gone
the limit of safety, and he quoted,
hful are the wounds of a friend.' As your
· open to your view the peril from which it
duty to escape. If you are involved, extri-
ourself with honor if you can, and if you
, then do no more than honor requires."
ng pause ensued. At length Mr. Burchard
the silence by inquiring what evidence there
at Maguire was criminal.

lice in a Western city, "Did Mary Sonsie Jane, alias Wily Mary, ever rnon Burchard? Is his certificate

time Mr. Burchard was intensely flicting emotions and the discussion concerning his duty. Could he re- and give information to the police? fraud of Malcolm vitiate his obli- In some particulars, but not in ath to be faithful to his client pre- withdrawing from the case till at turned what he had received? Yes; he return it, since it was doubtful l ever again appear?

lney left town it was arranged that ain the whereabouts of Malcolm if the attorney of Mr. Burchard as hither at all hazards, and confine wait his trial or till he should pro- ities. Mr. Sidney stipulated that Mr. not on any account telegraph to ier person upon the subject, because im would certainly reach Malcolm, ef member of a gang of villians, be- or the person to whom it should be s injunction, however, escaped the archard. As the time for Malcom's he, Mr. Burchard, became nervous Learning through a New York de- lcolm was in that city, he at once

telegraphed to his attor
detective and have Malc

The writer of this arti
that some great trouble s
Burchard, without knowi
to be conversing with hin
office door when the answe
and had the opportunity
the signature. Before the
livered to the attorney in
came from Malcolm at New
a long strip of paper as foll

"NEW

"I never disappoint my
awful subjects roll, damnatio
horrors seize the guilty sou
Lingering about these mort
long delay, till like a flood w
sweeps the wretch away. Go
I have three weeks yet to spar

How it was signed I am
velope was marked "paid $32
On the afternoon previous
court at which Malcolm was u
he unexpectedly presented h
chard's office. The conflicti
Burchard's breast upon behol
imagined. Indignation for th
gery was most apparent. Ver

y the fact that he had made his ap-
igh not yet safe in jail. His soul
holy horror of a man apparently
tertaining a moral sentiment, and
t to appreciate his guilt. His pres-
rated Mr. Burchard that he rushed
r without any definite intention but
visitor. Malcolm calmly placed his
he closed door and said very coolly :
dignation is well enough before a
chard, and I read in your counte-
is passing in your mind, but it is
nen as they are and the world as it is,
should be. I meet you to-day on
You claim something of me, and I
you are a man of honor, fulfil your
you are a sneak, do as I should have
forfeited my bail. I have shown the
ut upon my duty by appearing to dis-
as my bail in the face of the indign- ty
upon you, and knowing full well wh- t I
unter. Show half my pluck and i- will
well. I am not yet your prisone- and
rnal ! I will not be till to-morrow, when
content with that position. On- your
er me, Will you fulfil your agre- ment?
e a man or a knave ?"
chard answered not, but saw
ure of the man with whom h- the des-
hat he was provided with we- e had to
force his argument. Malc- ol- poses with
proceed-

ight when your wife became nervous and fell to crying lest the pain she felt in her breast should prove to be a cancer, and you told her that you would go to Boston with her and consult Dr. Jackson and ask Dr. P. to go with you? Do, eh? And do you remember one night when your niece slept upon the sofa in your room? I had no idea she was there, and needlessly waked her. She screamed, and while you was attending to her fright I slipped out and didn't leave your door bolted. I heard you tell her she was dreaming.

"And do you remember one night telling your wife that you could not imagine how three cigars got out of a new box you had opened the night before? Those cigars were the only things that either Maguire or I ever took from your house.

"I will make you this proposition, and if you will accept it you will do well. By the night train my two accomplices in that job will arrive. I don't intend to be shut up till they come. I will pay for six men to sit up with me here to-night in this office, and you shall select them, and in the morning I will pay their fees and go to jail."

The proposition was accepted, and the chief of police furnished the keepers.

During that night Mr. Burchard's office was the cene of strange revelations. Malcolm furnished oney to one of the office-rs, who brought in a sket of champagne, and ordered a supper at o'clock in the morning, to be the most com- e that money could buy and the city fur-

nish. The officers were
their friends who were rel
uted to each of his keepers
money agreed upon for th
ed of them a faithful perf
Some thirty had entered
was closed and not to be o
supper was announced.
neighboring bookstore, a
every edition of playing c
Some forty packs with di
up at one end of the table
one to take a hand of euc
tain, who was considered
took a chair at the corn
rest were to observe the
which they should discov
Malcolm took one of the
and said, "This edition
— at —, and with it he
and won — thousand do
were discovered. Cut t
mind, if you can, that
turned." The cards w
spades was turned. Th
were given to the cap
ten.

"Now, captain, I ha
and two aces, and yet
it was. Malcolm inqu
how it was done, and,

Very well, he shall do precisely the same
ınd see then if you detect the method. I
for a ten to be turned and order it up, and
l observe."
st the same cards were put into Malcolm's
s had been put into the captain's.
N," said Malcolm, "I order it up, and will
ıe," and so it was.
any of you see how that was done?"
could detect. The cards were again
by a looker-on. It was Malcolm's deal.
ıust not make too often. This time you
ıarch. You see I have given you three
and a king and an ace of another suit."
it was.
cards were shuffled again. "You must
ıe this time." And so it was.
N," said Malcolm, "please say whether I
ake one, or lose one, or go out."
s the captain's deal, and the company re-
Malcolm to go out if he could.
y well then, I cut a bower; the left is next
: as they fell into the last hand, and so will
out."
olm ordered up a queen, took it out with
and made three low clubs and won the

's take another pack while these gimlet-
lows hunt up the markings. This edition
en up by Sunderland for a high-low-jack
d was read the first night. The profession

never use it, the marks
once at all-fours."
The cards were dealt
colm said, "I will stanc
trump, for you have no
three points.
"Had you detected t
have lost and you would
"Try another pack.
months before it was d
ed, and only the most s
ed are never mistaken i
an edition of cards that
seeing one side as the
edited in fairness to bot
who will get out such
new ones to the B—— h
thirteen nights with the
One of the company
turned, produced a p
asked triumphantly if M
read them by the backs
"This edition," said
Edinburgh by an
and was popular for
every night with it su
finally a boy twelve ye
tell each card across th
And so the entert
winning every game t
one of the company de

' said Malcolm "this is my treat,
· yourselves, for I shall expect you
t when my case is tried, to laugh
ıwyers don't understand the value
swaying a jury in a doubtful case.
art of cookery,' says Henry Cor-
'is very useful if not dishonest.'
good, and I trust you are all like-
for Beaumont and Fletcher say,
lent thing God did bestow upon
gave him a good appetite. Mine is
ɔ that of Erisichthon described by

isichthon's profane chops devour
of food: in him food is the cause
ger: and he will employ his jaws
t his appetite.'

hat Maximus, the Emperor who suc-
nder Memneaus, consumed forty
h in one day, and drank an amphora
ining forty-eight quarts.
ɔass your wines. No blue ruin or
In the days of the great Cæsar all
with eggs and ended with fruits, cream
hence the proverb, *ab avo usque ad*
: man who did not crush his eggshell
ded napkin on his left knee, was con-
ol. As we have not eggs we will do
h the napkins. No melancholy sub-
; table- So here's luck." And all
ıper-

"Did you ever hear
came enraged against hi
him a cold peacock for s
to blaspheme? Whereu
said to him, 'Let not yc
with a matter of so litt
the pope, 'if God was s
he cast our first parents
not I, his vicar, be ang
peacock is greater than
"The oysters from T
of the Cæsars, I forget
pared to these. Capta
Let me give you a song
And with a sweet me
accent, he sang Burns':

"'Fair, fa' your h
Great chieftain
Aboon them a
Paunch, t
Weel are ye w
As lang 's

"This bird is excelle

'His
In Estcourt's book, wh

"Help yourselves,
business of the stomach
physicians. It is bett
then concentrate all h
forget business, and

going to bed. Ha, ha! I should
ne bed in quoting from the gour-
would rather fast than be obliged
nner in a hurry. Five hours is lit-
rided Mr. Burchard shall not in the
ar and drive us away.
n is delicious; none was ever bet-
ne Roman Senators debated the
turbot should be cooked, and the
sh deserves a place among such.
; reported to have said that Easter
ere the two best days in the year.
it was farthest from Lent, and
se then you breakfasted at mid-
; this is not equal to Montmaur's
ast?"

ıter, interspersed with songs and
up till a late hour, when all of a
s awoke to the fact that Malcolm
visitors laughed heartily. The
, not standing upon the order of
table was cleared, and the office
y one of the keepers remained,
ppearance a cat that had played
ıd lost it; the others were out
lm. At an early hour in the
:d, and seating himself at Mr.
'ote him this note:

[trust I did not disturb your
his morning, in your safe in

your house this pretty litt
your English namesake.
fore, but wanted another
brought it to your office
steal it from your house.
watch lying around loose
which is of no great value-
ed myself with the charm
your steel chest, here in th
against the time of my ne
on the keys of your door,
with the nippers, was all u
against your sleeping-roo
of trouble, and I could no
it. Please excuse me.
attached to an alarm-bell
omitted. The old-fashior
I put back as I found i
dining-room window. Y
between the beds on whic
took me half an hour to
could do it. George W
whom I have committed
the evidence. Unless y
you will sit beside him a
lieve the case is made
doubt, for I know bette
your character. I shall
time.

At the bottom of th

with spread fingers at the end of a man's

When all the officers had returned, dropping in one by one, towards morning, they were somewhat surprised and relieved upon beholding Malcolm. He informed them that it would be all right if they would all appear at his trial and laugh for him.

At the trial, Mr. Burchard, careworn and nervous, made his appearance. Mr. Waters conducted the testimony for the defence. Mr. Burchard inquired of him what testimony Malcolm relied upon, and was answered that no testimony whatever was to be introduced, but he would rely altogether upon the lack of testimony on the part of the government. A cold shiver ran down Burchard's backbone. The question of guilty or not guilty turned upon the identity of the mat previously spoken of, which, it was asserted, Malcolm threw away as he ran. The watchman testified positively to the fact, but it was in the night, and he might have been mistaken. Mr. W. H. B. testified generally as to the robbery, and recognized the mat as probably the one made by his daughter, although he could not positively make oath to the fact. As the case turned upon the testimony of Miss B., I give the whole of the cross-examination.

Question by Mr. Waters. You have said that you know this mat to have been the work of your own hands, and that you made it for a particular purpose. If you please, what was that purpose?

Answer. I had presented me on Christmas a fine

statuette of Samuel, which
I worked this mat with g
place it.

Q. And did you work it
A. Yes, sir.
Q. And have you ever se
A. Yes, sir, three, but nc
Q. And where did you g
A. From a friend in Phi
Q. Now, if you have se
how do you know, of yo
this is not some other lady
A. I know it is my worl
tion of the mat was left f
actly the size of the base c
Q. Is there any other re
A. I know it looks like
Q. Certainly, but wou
mat if it had been wrougl
A. Perhaps so.
Q. You say *perhaps* so ;
look?
A. I think it would.
Q. Have you the statu
A. Yes, sir, it is at our
At this point of the t
for and brought into c
witness. Mr. Waters to
Considerable discussion
attorney insisted upon b
Mr. Waters became alm

image rather than be so im-
cross-examining the witness
the accused, and he insisted
out interruption. The court
favor. He, holding the stat-
alked up to Miss B., and in-
cognized it as her own.

ou know it is certainly your

ine.
not other copies so like it as
the difference, nor one from

you say for a certainty that

ther has just brought it from
v him go for it and return with
tter reason.
your own knowledge, from an
mage, that it is yours?

y more reliable knowledge con-
ng yours?
pace in the middle was made
base of the statuette.
willing to risk your testimony
?

statuette were then shown the

witness and the jury, and t
overlapped the plain surfa
mat half an inch. The wit
was carried into the lobby
leaving their seats, render
GUILTY.

The captain feasted Malco
tained from him the secret
guire, as a woman, had proc
cook in the house of Mr. W. F
tuted for the original Samuel
similar, except that its base was

The captain further inquired
colm's occupation in early life
acquired so much knowledge of
feasts.

"I was cook at Baden Bad
"at the B—— House. There
took a fancy to me. I served
after that as waiter in the hou
eye open I was a great help
knew everything about the tal
larder, and I remembered wha
night after night, when a year
Dick Humelbergius's book up
breakfasting at home and alw
I found everything recorded
pretty much the only book
quote Latin, and know whe
what the —— the meaning
notion."

› inquire by what process
lide a bolt on the opposite

at information, and don't

t is best for me to do when
leeping-room in the night

ess you are hunting up a
lesire to maim or kill, but
›orly provided or skilled if
ı emergencies. As soon as
· room, rise and light the
you no more."
. Did you rob and then

ıtion to be answered, but I
awing of the house and the
of furniture in it, which is

› of the persons who were
›arty are aware of the his-
es, the Reverend Mr. Mal-
guire the butler of Mr. Ber-

THE MOUNT

By HARRIET P

NEVER did anythin
early than the plateau
deep mountain-sides in
We had promised R
fastness whenever she
now, in obedience to
us had left the railway
In slushy snow and sc
the old mountain-road
jingling our bells, ti
woods, lifting their lin
us, gave place to bald
oppressive gloom and
a longing to escape fr
the possible dangers i
ing streams swollen

Harper's

then the stillness resolved itself
ng of bare sprays, the rustling of
of innumerable unfettered brooks
motion, but without light, from the
now and then a ghastly lustre shot
till hanging like a glacier upon some
or a strange gleam from the sodden
r floors lightened the roofs of the leaf-
that overlapped the chasms, and trailed
d roots like shapes of living horror.
there, I wondered, so darkly familiar in
what nightmare had I dreamed it all be-
g ere the journey's end our spirits became
t night's wine; we shared the depression
ure, and felt as if we had come out of
the end of all things when the huge
gates closed behind us, and we dashed
plateau where the grass, from which the
pping had been washed, had not lost all
ess, and in the sudden lifting of the rain-
l sparkle of sunset lighted the windows,
ndred flambeaux had been kindled to

re burned in the fireplace of the draw-
hen we had mounted the stairs and
great hall, where other fires were blaz-
ling ruddy flames to skim among the
and all that part of the house sacred
rse, and opened now the first time in
was thoroughly warm and cheerful
l flowers and rugs and easy-chairs

and books. We might eas
selves, that night, in those
toilets made and dinner
around the solid glow of th
ern party in some old med
more for the spirit of the sc
storm was telling its rede
snow, and a cruel blast ke
gables and screaming down
all, Rhoda's and Merivale's
the hills before late-linger
quite gone, and doing a l
with skates and wolves an
have been carried out earli
but little less novel than it
who, although a year or tw
my intimate, so far as I ever
not rest till she had devis
which she knew she could
suading our good old Dr. I
pit and people, and stamp
made late respectability.
looked as though we were
week of storm following
re compensations in all thi
in whom I had some int
other a trifle better before
The place was really t
Merivale, or was now
Vorse, their father, who h
e felt but little older t

was still the owner of the vast
although no longer its manager.
ıg his fortune he had taken his
world, educating them and him-
ime, with now an object lesson in
w another in Peru, and finally
place, which, so far as we could
desolation, without a neighbor,
was bristling with memories and
old friends across the intervale
ıtain and round the spur. There
eird to me, as I looked out at the
of the moon-lit storm, in those
his among the hollows of these
med as though they must partake
ıd whiteness, and as if they were
, when all was said. Perhaps
ıalf the way up had been quoting,

"Pavilioned high, he sits
From excessive splendor born,"

e of the same feeling. I heard
passed him five minutes before,
de a chair in front of the long
There is a path which no fowl
ch the vulture's eye hath not
elps have not trodden it, nor the
r it. He putteth forth his hand
overturneth the mountains by
eth out rivers among the rocks;
ery precious thing. He bindeth

the floods from overflowi
hid bringeth he forth to l
convulsion of nature, I
went by and paused at
A convulsion of nature!
"There is something ee
gazed at the scene; for th
the hills rose round us li
the flying scud of the sto
diffusion of unseen light, ev
to let the glimpses out. "
as the rosy reflections of
lights danced on the whir
there anything wanting t
had been caught here by
be held by some charm?"
"I wish I knew the char
by my side, and half under
felt a little angrier with
had felt before.
"I often hear you talkin
Telluric forces that must
the mountains where they
earth is not only beneath
around you. Well, we a
of these telluric forces.
ally: let me see what they
It was true. And I hal
nite fear that I might be
wish and prejudice, and
proud old colonial granc

ountain farmer, who had married a mate
n degree, and had kept a mountain inn
ıe found him and death took her. My
least was the child of those proud old
, and I had lived with his people and been
n their traditions. Who my mother was I
ıew; for my father had married her in some
c fashion—a runaway match—and she had
my birth, and he had shortly followed her.
nothing that belonged to her but the half of
en miniature my father had once painted of
s I understood. I always wore it, with I know
'hat secret sentiment, but I showed it to no-
I had sometimes wondered about the other
but my life had not left me much time for
ment or wonder—full of gayety till my grand-
er's death left me homeless; full of gayety since
friend Mrs. Montresor had adopted me for child
companion, subject to her kind whims and
annies. But if she took me here and took me
ere, and clad me like a princess, I was none the
ss aware of the fact that I was without a penny—
orbidly aware of it without doubt. But it dis-
osed me to look with favor on no rich man's suit,
nd the lover as penniless as I and as fine as my
deal lover had not yet appeared. It made me al-
most hate the face and form, the color, the hair,
that they dared to call Titianesque, speak of as if
it were the free booty of pigment and canvas, and
wish to drag captive in the golden chains of their
wealth. When I had met Colonel Vorse, a year

ago, twice my ag
one I had wished
newly rich. Yet n
had not had time
see the kingdoms
his balance, to serv
and his State in th
rest, contact with t
"I often look at
born in the purple
she thought people
those who had nev
is the superior of
where a man keepi
half of his life may
eigns in the other
is the finest gentle
it. Don't you thin
But I never told
It is all very well
certain institutions
course you are su
wouldn't be gener
course, superior t
how it signifies to
"You ought to h
said Mrs. Montres
have any *bonnets*
aristocrat pure ar
balle was nothing
exists so that *nous*

I are sure that you are made
anaille of street mud, for in-
e fine white stuff from which
hina. You are quite a study
ect to see you marry a pavior
ys down or one who tears up
I had only laughed again.
n being cosmopolitan even to

it for too much thinking on
"if it is credit. Indeed, I
bout such people; and as for
, I could as soon marry into a
or Mongolian. They *are* a

all this as Colonel Vorse
above me on the jamb of the
though I was tall, he was a
it air which, never vaunting
you aware of its repression.
Mrs. Montresor say, "That
ches women!" for she loved
antipodal attraction of her
nctively stiffened myself, de-
ver fetch *me*. And here he
he spirits and powers of the
tain heights and depths, and
I don't know why it de-
the very fact that it did was
ked up at him a moment; I
wished he was as poor as I.

But to become the mother of
of Merivale, that laughing y
surdity, if all the rest were eq
the dead woman, the first
always be jealous of that swe
one endure it? Here amor
their ghostliness she would h
turned and swept away to th
my hands to the flame, and
chair that some one had left

I hardly knew what worl
perhaps a half-hour later, I
voice. "The trouble is that
and equal," he was saying
hampered by inheritance a
the moment of birth. Equa
lie. And the world has rha
years over so clumsy a sta
born with equal rights. Th
ment. My rights—rights t
pursuit of happiness—are eq
the princelings of the earth;
to mine. So far as they in
they are public enemies, and
and so far as I interfere with
trespasser to be punished. C
peasant, each is a man, whether
or a star and garter; and if m
image of God, let us do no indi
in one or in another."

Did I understand him? Was

l of Prince San Sorcerer-
ıs in his palaces last year?

All at once something
n before my eyes—a veil
from me. Was there no
ristocracy in which Shaks-
ıte was king? Was the
d they the public enemy,
perfect race to come, who
e advantage of another?
e buttonhole, the gifts of
th than the ribbons of

›ying with her fan beside
lertone behind it. "What
ave seen or read of," said
;re mountain farm, would
ıd have educated himself,
I think the kings who
were like him. And what
›oks so much the prince as
'alstaff and as low, that one
, the other without brains,
, and none of them made
y, and Helena?"

me, Helena," I said.
ve yourself, as dark, and
tall as Saul, as gentle as Jonathan, she
, as why shouldn't I be?' ghter
—why of the granddau ain,
equal Tell me
planter!

Helena, what has sh
equal?"

She had had a fan
her young mother, w
father, was the daugh
or else why should the
She had had a fancy th
her mother was—the
child did not know
told her the young
because of a pair of
about all. That was
made, had I spoken
mockery, in which sl
self. But even were
as the mother, could b
generations of oppr
luxury be pure as
none but simple an
just now as if it had
the Maker? I survey
screen that failed to
my face, and if I felt
of the sons of God, a
of men, again I did n

But the witch cou
"Still," she said, "he
no getting round tha
world. Then why
furnished food and sh
as noble a way to ma

her to inquire by what process
can slide a bolt on the opposite

for that information, and don't
th it."
ıe what is best for me to do when
ı my sleeping-room in the night

ir, unless you are hunting up a
never desire to maim or kill, but
l be poorly provided or skilled if
or such emergencies. As soon as
es your room, rise and light the
trouble you no more."
uestion. Did you rob and then
ıouse?"
a question to be answered, but I
ave a drawing of the house and the
y piece of furniture in it, which is

only two of the persons who were
dinner-party are aware of the his-
worthies, the Reverend Mr. Mal-
and Maguire the butler of Mr. Ber-

THE MOUNT OF

By Harriet Prescot

NEVER did anything see
than the plateau on wh
early sunset, after defiling al
deep mountain-sides in the r
We had promised Rhoda
fastness whenever she sho
now, in obedience to her m
us had left the railway, and
in slushy snow and sometim
the old mountain-road, laug
jangling our bells, till at l
woods, lifting their line forev
us, gave place to bald black
oppressive gloom and silence
a longing to escape from be
the possible dangers in cros
ing streams swollen by the

*** Harper's Magasin

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Harper's Magazine

the stillness resolved itself
f bare sprays, the rustling of
numerable unfettered brooks
, but without light, from the
ıd then a ghastly lustre shot
ging like a glacier upon some
ange gleam from the sodden
ghtened the roofs of the leaf-
ıpped the chasms, and trailed
ike shapes of living horror.
ondered, so darkly familiar in
nare had I dreamed it all be-
ırney's end our spirits became
ine; we shared the depression
elt as if we had come out of
of all things when the huge
:d behind us, and we dashed
ıere the grass, from which the
been washed, had not lost all
the sudden lifting of the rain-
of sun set lighted the windows,
mbeaux had been kindled to

d in the fireplace of the draw-
had mounted the stairs and
ll, where other fires were blaz-
ıdy flames to skim among the
ll that part of the house sacred
ıd open now the first time in
horough ly warm and cheerful
ers and rugs and easy-chairs

and books. We might easily
selves, that night, in those sp
toilets made and dinner ov
around the solid glow of the
ern party in some old media
more for the spirit of the scen
storm was telling its rede ag
snow, and a cruel blast keen
gables and screaming down
all, Rhoda's and Merivale's
the hills before late-lingerin
quite gone, and doing a lit
with skates and wolves and
have been carried out earlier
but little less novel than it w
who, although a year or two
my intimate, so far as I ever h
not rest till she had devise
which she knew she could n
suading our good old Dr. De
pit and people, and stamp th
immaculate respectability. A
looked as though we were sin
a week of storm following the
are compensations in all things:
in whom I had some interest
other a trifle better before the we
The place was really the hom
Merivale, or was now to becon
Vorse, their father, who had marrie
he felt but little older than they,

still the owner of the vast
ugh no longer its manager.
s fortune he had taken his
d, educating them and him-
with now an object lesson in
other in Peru, and finally
, which, so far as we could
lation, without a neighbor,
bristling with memories and
friends across the intervale
and round the spur. There
to me, as I looked out at the
he moon-lit storm, in those
among the hollows of these
as though they must partake
whiteness, and as if they were
hen all was said. Perhaps
the way up had been quoting,

'avilioned high, he sits
1 excessive splendor born,"

of the same feeling. I heard
ssed him five minutes before,
a chair in front of the long
here is a path which no fowl
1 the vulture's eye hath not
ps have not trodden it, nor the
it. He putteth forth his hand
overturneth the mountains by
h out rivers among the rocks ;
ry precious thing. He bindeth

the floods from overflowing;
hid bringeth he forth to light.
convulsion of nature, I reme
went by and paused at anot
A convulsion of nature! I fa
"There is something eerie
gazed at the scene; for the d
the hills rose round us like
the flying scud of the storm,
diffusion of unseen light, every
to let the glimpses out. "An
as the rosy reflections of o
lights danced on the whirlin
there anything wanting to
had been caught here by so
be held by some charm?"
"I wish I knew the charm,
by my side, and half under hi
felt a little angrier with my
had felt before.
"I often hear you talking of
telluric forces that must hav
the mountains where they first
earth is not only beneath, bu
around you. Well, we are he
of these telluric forces. I am
ally: let me see what they will
It was true. And I half shive
nite fear that I might be compel
wish and prejudice, and birthrigh
proud old colonial grandees of th

ntain farmer, who had married a mate
degree, and had kept a mountain inn
found him and death took her. My
ast was the child of those proud old
nd I had lived with his people and been
their traditions. Who my mother was I
w; for my father had married her in some
fashion—a runaway match—and she had
ıy birth, and he had shortly followed her.
ıthing that belonged to her but the half of
ı miniature my father had once painted of
ı understood. I always wore it, with I know
at secret sentiment, but I showed it to no-
I had sometimes wondered about the other
ɔut my life had not left me much time for
ıent or wonder—full of gayety till my grand-
r's death left me homeless; full of gayety since
riend Mrs. Montresor had adopted me for child
companion, subject to her kind whims and
ınnies. But if she took me here and took me
re, and clad me like a princess, I was none the
s aware of the fact that I was without a penny—
ɔrbidly aware of it without doubt. But it dis-
ɔsed me to look with favor on no rich man's suit,
nd the lover as penniless as I and as fine as my
deal lover had not yet appeared. It made me al-
most hate the face and form, the color, the hair,
that they dared to call Titianesque, speak of as if
it were the free booty of pigment and canvas, and
wish to drag captive in the golden chains of their
wealth. When I had met Colonel Vorse, a year

ago, twice my age though he was,
one I had wished as poor as I—
newly rich. Yet not so newly rich
had not had time to become used
see the kingdoms of the earth and
his balance, to serve his country on
and his State in the council-chambe
rest, contact with the world is sadly
"I often look at Colonel Vorse
born in the purple," said Mrs. M
she thought people born in the pu
those who had never earned thei
is the superior of them all. W
where a man keeping a common
half of his life may make himself
eigns in the other half! I don't
is the finest gentleman of them a
it. Don't you think so, Helena?"

But I never told Mrs. Montreso
It is all very well to generalize an
certain institutions produce certai
course you are superior to the insti
wouldn't be generalizing so, and a
course, superior to the effects, and
how it signifies to you personally.

"You ought to have your head carr
said Mrs. Montresor, again. "You
have any *bonnets rouges* in America,
aristocrat pure and simple. The
balle was nothing to you. You t
exists so that *nous autres*, by standing

ou are sure that you are made
canaille of street mud, for in-
ıe fine white stuff from which
china. You are quite a study
ject to see you marry a pavior
ıys down or one who tears up
I had only laughed again.
n being cosmopolitan even to

lit for too much thinking on
"if it is credit. Indeed, I
about such people; and as for
ı, I could as soon marry into a
n or Mongolian. They *are* a

d all this as Colonel Vorse
ıd above me on the jamb of the
although I was tall, he was a
hat air which, never vaunting
le you aware of its repression.
g Mrs. Montresor say, "That
fetches women!" for she loved
ıe antipodal attraction of her
stinctively stiffened myself, de-
never fetch *me*. And here he
, the spirits and powers of the
ıntain heights and depths, and
e. I don't know why it de-
if the very fact that it did was
ooked up at him a moment; I
I wished he was as poor as I.

But to become the mother of Rhoda, of Merivale, that laughing young gi surdity, if all the rest were equal! the dead woman, the first wife—s always be jealous of that sweet early one endure it? Here among thes their ghostliness she would haunt m turned and swept away to the fires my hands to the flame, and glad chair that some one had left empty

I hardly knew what world I wa perhaps a half-hour later, I heard voice. "The trouble is that men and equal," he was saying. " hampered by inheritance and ci the moment of birth. Equal? lie. And the world has rhapsodi years over so clumsy a statem born with equal rights. That ment. My rights—rights to li pursuit of happiness—are equa the princelings of the earth; th to mine. So far as they inte they are public enemies, and and so far as I interfere wit trespasser to be punished. peasant, each is a man, whe or a star and garter; and image of God, let us do no in one or in another."

Did I understand him?

ual of Prince San Sorcerer-
d us in his palaces last year?
ot? All at once something
rom before my eyes—a veil
ind from me. Was there no
al aristocracy in which Shaks-
Dante was king? Was the
l, and they the public enemy,
eat perfect race to come, who
take advantage of another?
in the buttonhole, the gifts of
worth than the ribbons of

was toying with her fan beside
an undertone behind it. "What
you have seen or read of," said
a meagre mountain farm, would
tune and have educated himself,
done? I think the kings who
kings were like him. And what
l alive looks so much the prince as
s fat as Falstaff and as low, that one
his back, the other without brains,
ains awry, and none of them made
an. Tell me, Helena?"
are in love yourself," I said.
"As tall as Saul, as dark, as
roportions, as gentle as Jonathan, and
e David's—why shouldn't I be?" she
he not the equal of the granddaughter
Carolina planter! Tell me again,

Helena, what has she ever
equal?"

She had had a fancy—Hea
her young mother, who had
father, was the daughter of a no
or else why should the match have
She had had a fancy that she was th
her mother was—the mother even
child did not know other than as
told her the young bridegroom cal
because of a pair of purple-dark ey
about all. That was all the answer
made, had I spoken, to her gentle
mockery, in which she did not quite
self. But even were it so, and the dau
as the mother, could blood that had filte
generations of oppressors lounging
luxury be pure as this blood that ha
none but simple and innocent lives,
just now as if it had come fresh from t
the Maker? I surveyed him from behin
screen that failed to keep the ruddy
my face, and if I felt him in that glanc
of the sons of God, and I but one of th
of men, again I did not tell Mrs. Mont

But the witch could always read m
"Still," she said, "he has kept a taver
no getting round that fact by all the
world. Then why try to get round
furnished food and shelter to the tired
as noble a way to make money, sure

he bones and muscles of slaves, and accepting the
gold they earn."
"That is the last I have of such gold," I cried, in
a stifled way; and I unclasped the old bracelet on
my wrist and tossed it behind the back-log—people
were too gayly engaged to observe us at the mo-
ment. "I think," I said then, turning upon her,
"that you are employed as an advocate, unless—
you are really weary of me."
"Weary of you!" she exclaimed, half under her
breath though it was—"weary of you, when you
are such unceasing variety to me that if you mar-
ried ten thousand tavern-keepers I should always
have a room in the inn!"
"Thank Heaven," I answered her, gayly, "it is
an impossibility that I should ever marry one."
And then there was a lull in the laughter and the
snatches of song and conversation on the other side
of the room; and while I was still gazing after my
bracelet and into the chimney-place, where the
flames allowed about unhewn forest logs that
took two men to cast to them, Colonel Vorse came
over to us.
"It is bad enough to be in hot water," said Mrs.
Mo Helena, lightly. "I will leave the fire to you
nd if you turn your head slightly to the left, and
"Ter your eyes, you can see the side of the darkest
nest of our mountains. You know we do

not call our hills by th
and government surveys
came here called this one,
their own, the Mount of
been the Mount of Sorrow.
"An ominous name for
said.
"Ah! you think this region
haps dull and tame, without li
in fact. What if I should tell y
like a caldron over the bottomle
and sins!—that in lives condemne
prisonment on these bare rocks,
selves, traits intensifying, the lone
the negation, slowly extract the juic
and make crime a matter to be whis
them? If they feel they are for
what matters the murder or the suici
that gives release? It is hell here
they are sure of this—they have it;
not come to pass."
"What do you mean?" I said, w
for as he spoke it seemed as if I h
land of lepers. "Here in this
among lives fed from the primitiv
ture and the dew of the morning
"I mean," he said, "that I
factitious aid your thoughts h
ing to me. You see I have
Because I was born in the sn
am no whit whiter than tho

: stations of the cities. We are simply
: human nature. When I win regard, it
)r no idle fancy, but for my own iden-

' I said, "I do not believe you."
he replied, "have I gained a point, and
advocate in an ideal of me? That would
mantic as any of the romance of the hills.
ere *is* romance here, whether it is born of
)r of joy, or of sorrow. There is romance
ı on that old Mount of Sorrow that you see
the storm opens and strips it in that sudden
glory. Keep your eye, if you please, on a
ıalf-way up the sky, and when the apparition
s again you will find the dark outline of a
ling there. It was a dwelling once; now it is
a ruin, hut and barn and byre. Why do you
dder? Do you see it? It is only a shadow.
t a shadow with outlines black enough to defy
: whitest blast that ever blew. Sometimes it
ems to me as though that old ruin were itself a
nostly thing, a spectre of tragedies that will not
own; for the avalanches divide and leave it, and
he storms whistle over and beat against it, and it
is always there when the sun rises. I don't know
what it has to do with my fortunes; I don't know
why it is a blotch upon the face of nature to me;
but if ever I grow sad or sick at heart I feel as
though I should be made whole again could that
evil thing be removed."
"Why not remove it?"

"It does not belong
with it. I am not sure th
which adds to the spectral, y
pose there is somewhere a
restless you are!" he said, gentl
out in the long hall where the g
an unobstructed view of the thi
this nervousness? The storm is
the moon is going to overcome. O
the way the fire burns that the t
mounting. Perhaps we shall have a
we walk."

Rhoda and Merivale were singing
songs they had learned since they car
hill country, Mrs. Montresor was nodd
her fan an accompaniment to Dr. Deven
Adèle was deep in her novel, and a fli
some portfolios of prints occupied the re
fuse was only to attract attention; besid
like to walk. I rose and went out wit
the hall that shut off the wing from the g
caravansary.

"'And the long carpets rose along the gusty
I quoted as we walked; and despite the fi
on either side, he had brought me a f
shoulders.

"Yes," he said, "there comes the moc
Now you shall see the black and white of
"Oh!" I cried, clasping my hands, as
very lights and immense shadows burs

radiance. "The world began to be
ets should be born here!"
tavern-keepers," said he, "which
story. I am forty-three years old.
was younger twenty-three years ago.
been not long before you came into
self. Do you insist upon thinking
difference in age makes any disparity,
case of him who has lost just that
sweetness out of his life?"
what that has to do with the story
of Sorrow," I said, as we turned from
measure the length of the hall again.
said he, "that the suffrage reform,
mit women to the ballot, will never
the judicial bench, for mercy is for-
art of a woman."
strange way of telling a story?" I ex-

!" he laughed. "The story is so short
ittle preface. As I was saying then,
wenty years old or so, the name of old
ie Mount of Sorrow, was a by-word of
h the region round, as the name of his
d his father before him. He had no
y than the sterile farm half-way up the
d almost inaccessible—in winter en-
ible—where he raised not half a sup-
ps of earth among the ledges; his few
and goats did what they could for
ifle did the rest. The first Raynier of

them all was possibly a
tified his retreat by these
no money; the women spun
worn. He had no education;
had; no Raynier had ever had
mark, let alone his name. There
in each generation; neither church
saw him; his existence was scarc
was ready to marry, and then he ce
no one knows what other magic th
of nature took the prettiest girl of
eyrie—sometimes his wife, someti
she died, and she always died, th
day replaced her. He did not alv
to die before replacing her. Bu
were no uncommon thing in that
a burial-ground scooped in the hil
was there to interfere? Perhaps n
had been a death till the year was
woman went mad? That happ
People below might prate of murd
slow poison; there was nobody
vital enough to open the questic
then they feared the Raynier with
as people fear a catamount in t
goblin of old wives' tales after da
horrible stories of bouts and bra
gags, whips, and—oh, no matter!
crime on the shoulders of the Ray
understood that more than one wo
found life too intolerable to endu

the fumes of a charcoal fire after a drunken
or a quick thrust over the edge of a precipice,
it of weed in the broth, made life easier, till
rse brought madness. And finally, if any Ray-
ied what may be called a natural death, it was
from starvation or from delirium tremens.
e they were a precious lot."
precious lot!" I said, trembling. "Ah, what
en made of? Poor wretches, they could not
From generation to generation the children
people must needs be criminal."
n't know. If removed from such influence.
mind environment is strong as heredity,
strong. It destroys the old and creates the
owever, environment and heredity worked
up there. In my day—to continue—the
family was larger than usual. The last
ived, a miserable cowed creature, white as
and hair and bleached scared eyes, eyes
d as if they saw phantoms rather than
[er mind was partially gone. I was a
untaineer then, and climbing wherever
had been before, I once in a while came
or other of that family, and sometimes
e door, where I had first to teach the
a lesson. I never entered the filthy
e. There were two sons and a daugh-
r immortally beautiful that girl was!
arkness in the eye, such statuesque
e-leaf color, such hair—'hair like the
inted with gold,' as John Mills, the

Scotch poet-player, sang.
worshipped her, perhaps as a
whelp. But he had all sorts of
her, Heart's-ease and Heart's D
and Rose and Lily. He grew a
he spoke to her; and he never
feeble-minded. She just missed
Perhaps you would not have
once; you might not have foun
meeting her casually. The ol
her down to school—the first
there: she could never learn
not always tell her name. Sti
cent—perhaps because it w
sometimes thought that blan
have been a dead-wall throug
her forebears could not pass,
she had them, may have esc
and found a chance for g
should at last estop itself. T

"Oh, I think this is te
turned again in our walk.
and be through."

"Yes, it is. But I would
be anything but commonp
Well, blank or not, she had
her out in his sketching r
from some distant parts,
ever had, by the way. Ar
they would have his life s
her. One day I had bee

happened; there had been a sudden
g rain that had frozen the water in the
cliffs, and made the way not only slip-
igerous; for in the heat of the noon
vas melting, and every now and then
was rending some fragment of rock
footing might vanish from beneath, or
of stones come rattling down from
I was tired when I reached the Raynier
a blaze of maple boughs that started
ches to show the way, and stopped to
ked up at an enormous shelf of rock,
th reddened vines that fluttered like
ags—a shelf that, although some hun-
r so away from it, yet overhung the
ast a perpetual shadow there. I won-
why Nature had no secret springs of
thrill her and cause her to rend the
cover such a den of iniquity as we all
ot to be. But Nature was just as fair
al September day as if there was not a
Perhaps she knew the right of the
life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-
licious scent of the balsam from the
the air, the sunshine swept over the
in waves of light, and the hills them-
like waves of a golden green and purple
ow and then a rainbow swam and broke.
perfectness, I said, peace and perfect-
e people live and are happy. On the
ne looked into the dreary defile of the

mountain gate, with it
cloud, and remembered th
there ought to be. I wa
there, when I heard a wild
blood-curdling, repeated a
It was the girl's voice. I
spite of the bloodhounds,
among the crew. The ol
corner, the two brothers h
towered over her, his g
ashen face. I can't tell y
Sometimes I have though
her with a hot iron he he
"Oh, horrible! horrib
"Burning her with a
up her lover! Sometim
only demolishing the litt
herself, which that love
she cherished, perhaps a
unwonted gewgaw of
for the one picture was
although she clutched h
half had fallen and rol
where. I will show it
deed, to see what it was
me bounded that lover
brother and the other
over the door-sill with
the mountain path. H
could give. I was aft
the fragment of paint

cliff's edge, they following. And all at once I stopped as if paralyzed to the marrow by a clap of thunder, and turned my head to see the old man with his white hair streaming, and his arms uplifted in his cursing, as he came leaping on, and the next moment the shelf of overhanging rock had fallen, had cleft the house in twain, and mother and father and sons and hounds were dust with the dust flying over the precipices. I saw it."

"Oh!" I cried, with my hands over my eyes. "Why did it not strike you blind?"

"And here," said Colonel Vorse, leading my steps to an old cabinet in an alcove, "ought to be the half of that little likeness I picked up as I ran. I wonder what became of the other half—what became of the girl—if the lover married her—if she knew enough to know he didn't marry her—if she lived long enough for him to find out she was a fool—if she was the last of the Rayniers?" As he ceased, he put the half of the little miniature into my hands. It was a broken bit of ivory, and on it the upper part of a face, sketchily done, with pansy-dark eyes and blush rose skin—without a frame. I had the

ne.

heart beat, a fluttering breath, a reeling sense e world staggering away from me, and then ewildered senses were at work again, and an like death was cutting me to the heart as we d our walking.

ld I tell him? Should I go on with my se- y inheritance, my curse, and let no man

know? If it ate out
my heart was broken now
fireside shine for me, co
could little faces sun them
We paused before the
vague white shapes befor
not obey me, and the ligh
bit of ivory. If I told hi
him to bear; he would
would desire my love no
heritance would yawn lik
its impassable darkness.
"And the ruin on the
I said. "But it is easy to
belongs to me. For—loo
be the last of the Rayniers
breast the broken thing,
in my mock sentiment I h
"You!", cried he. "Y
tered, and he leaned aga
port—he who an hour or
of repressed strength tha
house down about his
done so?
I moved to his side, a
might see where the piece
cheek flowing into the lo
flickering sweetness of t
bent glance of the lovel
you see," I said. "And it
"It needs no words

our imag Oh, my God, What
at have I one! My darling, my
st let me pair it by a lifetime of
d he had arms about me, and
me to his h ing breast, his throb-

! no!" I so bbed. "It is impossible.
ked; I am ru ined; I can be no man's
u see yourself——I will never——" But his
silencing mine, and I lay there with those
out me a mome nt; I lay there like one in
suspended over hell.
at do I care," he whispered, "for all the Ray-
n Christendom or out of it, but you? I have
d in this moment that you love me! I will
give you up."
ou must," I groaned.
tell you I never will," he said, his voice husky
low and trembling, but his eye and his grasp
"I have assured you that environment, edu-
n, art, can supplement nature and heredity.
have done so with you. You are your father's
d. You received from your mother only the
spark, only this beauty, this fatal beauty. If
inherited all that the Rayniers ever had, then I
I love, I love all that the Rayniers ever were,
love you. I have your love, Helena, and I
never let you go." While speaking he had
ed the bell at his hand, and now he sent the
ring servant for Dr. Devens, who came at

once, supposing som
store.

"Bid them all out
Vorse. "Ah, here th
country we need no
are a bride and groom
form your office, sir."
heart or voice, makin
faint, I was the wife
band's arms were su
the prayer and benedi

"There is no time
gayly, his tones no
ways found." And s
while they all thron
sharp strange sigh
grew into the wild
nous echoes, and we
tively to see, rent in
the glorious spray
Mount of Sorrow b
and, while the whole
in hoar vapors, the
sheeting splendor fl
eyes the last timber
of the Rayniers.

SISTER SILVIA.

By Mary Agnes Tincker.

[ONTE COMPATRI is one of the eastern outlying peaks of the Alban Mountains, like so many Italian mountains, has its road ibing to and fro in long loops to a gray little at the top. This city of Monte Compatri is a and busy hive, with solid blocks of houses, and narrowest of streets that break now and then o stairs. For those old builders respected the atures of a landscape as though they had been e features of a face, and no more thought of velling inequalities of land than of shaving down r raising up noses. When a man had a house-lot n a hollow, he built his house there, and made steps to go down to it: his neighbor, who owned a rocky knoll, built his house at the top, and made stairs to go up to it. Moreover, if the land was a bit in the city, the house was made in the shape of

*** *Lippincott's Magazine, December*, 1878.

it, and was as likely to
acute as in right angles.
The inhabitants of Monte
streets of which they are ir
Lungara, which wriggles th
the town, and the Giro, wh
circuit of the town, leaving
houses that rise from the
some of them founded on t
stretching roots of masonry
One of these houses on t
tions been in the possessi
One after another had he
Prince Borghese, the o
vineyard and orchard bel
owned, and from those
For it was wealth for su
full of furniture, linen
haps, a connoisseur mi
bits of old china—besid
in bank.
In this position was
he died, leaving a gro
his wife about to bec
time.
"Pepina shall hav
she is to marry soon,
three hundred scud
pearls. The rest o
wife to do as she l
when it shall com

every year thirty scudi, and when it shall be of age, be it girl or boy, he shall divide the land equally with it."

So said Giovanni Guai, and died, and his wife let him talk uncontradicted, since it was for the last time. They had lived a stormy life, his heavy fist opposed to her indefatigable tongue, and she contemplated with silent triumph the prospect of being left in possession of the field. Besides, would he not see afterward what she did—see and be helpless to oppose? So she let him die fancying that he had disposed of his property.

"The child is sure to be a girl," she said afterward, "and I mean her to be a nun. The land shall not be cut up. Matteo shall be a rich man and pile up a fortune. He shall be the richest man Monte Compatri, and a girl shall not stand in way."

ature verified the mother's prophecy and sent e girl. Silvia they called her, and, since she rely to be a nun, she grew to be called Sis- via by everybody, even before she was old to recognize her own name.

ouse of the Guai, on its inner wall, opened ompara tively quiet Giro. From the win- d door could be heard the buzz and hum of ara, where everybody—men, women, chil- and dogs—were out with every species nd play when the sun began to decline. he part of the house most frequented and e family. They could see their neigh-

bors even when
and could excha
the same time.
avoided. It wa
Italians would
for ever knocki
out. It must sh
by any means e
As years pass
exception in th
the town with
dows with their
She had her ow
and there she s
sewing, never
to hear mass.
—a large, self-s
maiden who n
mother could n
side, and with
afraid to glan
counter the tw
understood th
and that no sc
tween him and
take for any a
After mass,
permitted the
alone by her w
dor which her
lay the Camp

the Sabines, all rose and
in with their exquisite wall,
gleaming sickle to cut off its
he nearer mountains stood
by the green spray it threw
She sat and stared at Rome
knit—at the wonderful city
to go and be a nun, where
gs came to worship him. In
Holy City lay in the midst
her mother's wedding-pearls
eap on their green cushion;
ier face that way and prayed
she was to be the spouse of
was all that she could bring
it when evening came, and
fine golden mist flowed in
ade a gorgeous blur of all
eemed to float upward from
ard heaven all stirring with
ian angels, and Silvia would
salem might not be assumed
happiness of being in it.
ly view nearer than this vis-
little nun seldom looked at
from her window she would
dropping from the gray
clinging flowery vines and
ard, while the olives and
pagna came to meet them,
a precarious little garden

halfway up the stee
almost perpendicula
the walls and entered
used this road now, for
had been constructed at the
tain, and all the people can
day's work was over in the
One summer afternoon
broken by her mother's voi
come and prepare the sala
It was an extraordinary
went at once without
every opportunity to
tion for that time when
of obedience and pray
Her mother was sitting
talking with Matteo,
the Campagna. He had
ing alone, and, as he
the vineyard, always
he came up. The table
white cloth and napki
spoon, a loaf of bread
sparkling wine icy cold
the rock beneath the hor
his *minestra* of vegetabl
At the other end of the
crisp white lettuce, lyi
and two bottles—one
of oil as sweet as cream
Monte Compatri had r

: its own orchards dropped such
ichness.
large and dingy. The brick floor
1 other cleansing than sprinkling
e yellow-washed walls had become
e, mottled brown, the paint had
er a fixed dinginess which the dust-
could not remove, and the glass of
1 never been washed except by the
all that, the place had an air of
)r though these people do not clean
)re than they clean their yards, yet
and tables and beds are clean.
: linen, stockings like snow, and
ınd metals give a look of freshness
l on the dim background. Heavy
;, carved and black with age, stood
ils, drinking-glasses and candlesticks
dark bureau-top, there was a bright
o, and the sunlighted tinware of a
ther side of the street threw a cluster
ke a bouquet of light in at the win-
received these sun-blossoms on her
ıe placed herself at the lower end of
ihe pushed the sleeves of her white
om her slim white arms, and began
lettuce-leaves in a bowl of fresh water
them in the towel. The leaves broke
ıap and dropped in pieces as stiff as
large dark-blue plate of old Japanese
ınoisseur in porcelain would have set

such a plate on his dra
ure.
"How does Claudio work?"
of her son.
"He works well," Matteo repli
two of our common fellows, if he
"Nevertheless, I should say," the mother said. "He
him," disappointed his parents, and h
ished. They meant him to be
and scraped every soldo to ed
just when he is at the point of b
them, he makes up his mind th
tion for the priesthood, and brea
his ingratitude. It is nonsense
so and have such scruples. Ob
enough for anything. There
where parents could put the ch
them."

The Sora Guai spoke sterni
she would not have hesitated
child in the deepest of dungeon
"He was a fool, but he earns
responded, and, drawing a l
fried frogs toward him, begar
throw the bones on the floor.

Silvia gave him the salad, a
water into the tumbler for
went to the kitchen for a d
"There's no onion in t
bled when she came bac

tered an exclamation of dismay, ran for
white little onion and sliced it thinly into

give me, Matteo," she said. "I was dis-
by the thought of Claudio. It seems such
le thing."
would be a much more terrible thing if it
girl who disobeyed," Matteo growled. He
t like that girls should criticise men.
it would," the girl responded, with meek
ess.
don't know why I feel so tired to-day," the
er said, sinking into a chair again. "My
s ache as if I had been working in the vine-
all day."
You are not ill, mamma?" exclaimed Silvia,
ing with alarm.
e answer was a hesitating one: "I don't see
can ail me. It wouldn't be anything, only
I am so tired without having done much."
erhaps it's the weather, mamma," Silvia sug-
l.

tle as she was, she had adopted the ruthless
grateful Italian custom of ascribing every
d pain of the body to some almost imper-
e change in their too beautiful weather.
allest cloud goes laden with more accusa-
n it holds drops of rain, and the ill winds
w nobody any good blow through those
skies from morning till night and from
morning again.

lute her when they met her going to and from
nurch in the morning. To these simple citizens,
gnorant but reverential, Sister Silvia's lowered
yelids were as inviolate as the pearl gates of the
New Jerusalem. Besides, to help their reverence,
there were the fierce black eyes and strange repu-
tation of Matteo. So when, a day or two after her
mother's death, his sister begged him to accom-
pany her to church in the early morning, and leave
her in the care of some decent woman there, Mat-
teo replied that she might go by herself.

She set out for the first time alone on what
had ever been to her a *via sacra*, and was now be-
come a *via dolorosa*, where her tears dropped as she
walked. And going so once, she went again.
Pepina, the elder sister, a widow now, had come
ome to keep house for Matteo, but she was too
uch taken up with work, the care of her two chil-
en and looking out for a second husband to have
ne to watch Silvia, and after a few weeks the
ng girl went as unheeded as a matron in her
ly walk.

t home her life was nearly the same. She
nded the clothes from the washing and knit
ckings, and sat at her window and looked off
r the Campagna toward Rome.
ne evening she sat there before going to bed
watched the moonlight turn all the earth to
k and silver under the purple sky—a black like
et, so deep and soft was it, and a silver like
e fire, clear and splendid, yet beautifully soft.

singing. The Christmas night been half so joyful lacking his he *Stabat Mat r* sung by him in ıde her tears of religious sorrow ɛsh ; and when on Easter morning *oria* it had seemed to her that the ›pening.

, however, he had been to her not a voice. That he should come here ıer sorrow made him seem different. time she looked at his face. By day- ıhin and finely featured, and of a clear ɛ shaded water, through which the faint- color is visible. In this transfigurating it became of a luminous whiteness.

g ended, the singer turned his head ıd looked up at Silvia's window. She raw back. There was no recognition of an sympathy with him, and no slightest sness of that airy and silent friendship ad long been weaving itself over the tops ountains that separated them. How could w that Claudio had sung for her, and that been the measure of his success to see her roop or lift as he sang of sorrow and pain or and triumph? The choir had their post he door; and, besides, she never glanced up in going out. Therefore she gazed down into plifted face with a sweet and sorrowful tran- ıity, her soul pure and candid to its uttermost ths.

For C
pathy fo
it was as
and an a
He coul
her.
The g
human
kerchief
and aga
Claud
been wi
of her
hundred
into the
that rel
he give
for him
weight
stone a
she mig
red poi
were a
Silvi
droppe
soon th
air rest
had wo
He s
he saw
and ca

mp that Silvia had taken down from before her
Madonna to read the note by. Since she was a
ittle thing only five or six years old his heart had
urned toward her, and her small white face had
been to him the one star in a dim life. He still
kept two or three tiny flowers she had given him
years before when his family and hers were coming
together down from Monte San Silvestro at the
other side of Monte Compatri. The two children,
with others, had stopped to stick fresh flowers
through the wire screen before the great crucifix
halfway up the mountain, and Silvia had given
Claudio these blossoms. He had laid them away
with his treasures and relics—the bit of muslin
rom the veil of Our Lady of Loretto, the almost
nvisible speck from the cord of St. Francis of
ssisi and the little paper of the ashes of Blessed
seph Labré. In those days he was the little priest
d she the little nun, and their companions stood
pectfully back for them. Now he was no more
priest, and she was up there in her window
inst the sky reading the note he had written her.
his is what the note said:

My heart is breaking for your sorrow. Why
uld such eyes as yours be permitted to weep?
o is there to wipe those tears away? Oh that I
ht catch them as they fall! Drop me down a
dkerchief that has been wet with them, that I
keep it as a relic. Tell me of some way in
h I can console you and spend my life to serve
,

She read
tonishment.
cared for he
strongly lo
since God,
press His lo
not of a w
and how, sh
sult of her c
a bit of pap
wrapped :

"I do not
but I thank
me, and I ha
that it may b
kerchief as
which have b
saint at all, t
quently do
God, and pr
your singing

It seemed t
To him it w
powder. All
hoped or hal
flame of certa
he comforted
and his singi
Silvia shou

ond imposed by her mother, as he had broken
imposed by his parents. She should be his
and they would live in Rome. He knew that
oice would find bread for them.
this flashed through his mind as he read, and
ed to his lips the handkerchief which she had
ped down to him, though it was not a relic.
ifted his arms upward toward her window with
oturous joy, as if to embrace her, but she did
look out again. A little scruple for having
ived the Madonna for a moment of her lamp
made her resolve to say at once a decade of
rosary in expiation. He waited till the sound
closing doors and wandering voices told that
inhabitants gathered for the evening in the
igara were separating to their homes, then went
ictantly away. Matteo would be at home, and
tteo's face might look down at him from that
ier window beside Silvia's. So he also went
me, with the moonlight between his feet and the
ound and stars sparkling in his brain. He felt
if his head were the sky.

This was an August night. One day in October,
atteo told his sister that she was to go to Rome
ith him the next morning to pass a month with a
mily they knew there, and afterward begin her
ovitiate in the convent of the Sacramentarians at
onte Cavallo. He had received a letter from the
ignora Fantini, who would receive her and do
erything for her. He and Pepina had no time,

ng over her cheeks. It was such
ed, that Father Teodoli, when he
ve Maria, asked if Silvia were ill.
toothache," Matteo said quickly,
a glance.
ve you done for it, my child?"
indly.
via faltered out.
ou to give Silvia all the advice
o said after the compliments of
er. "I have to go down the
to work in the vineyard to-mor-
e and shut the door after me:
draught here."
her brother to the door, trem-
might say or do. Well she knew
I was given only that he might
speak with her alone.
You say to your confessor," he
ng her arm and speaking in her
be a nun: you wish to be, and
set out to-morrow. Tell him no
I hear?—or it will be worse for
w every word you say. If he
a toothache, say Yes. Do you

alf fainting, and did as she had
If there had been any little
beg for another week or month,
she had any confession to make

little by little he had ventured,
stood ; and within the last week
o concealments between them,
resisted all his prayers to change
d brave her brother.
was in her hands in a moment :
e that what I hear is true ? I will
I will not let you go."
I must go," she wrote back. "I
at seven in the morning. Dear
signed : there is no help for it."
y will you persist in ruining your
? It is a sin. Say that you are too
-morrow. Stay in bed all day, and by
have a rope-ladder for you to come
e. We can run away and hide some-

t. We could never hide from Matteo :
nd us out and kill us both."
o to the Holy Father and tell him all.
e in Rome early in the morning if we
all night."
would hear us : he hears everything.
never reach Rome. He would find us
we might be hidden. If we were dead
d he would pull us out of the ground to
I must go. I have sinned in having so
ercourse with you. Be resigned, Claudio.
od man, and we shall meet in heaven.
h is a terrible place : I am afraid of it. I
shut myself up in the convent and be at

peace. I fear so n
Say addio.''
''I cannot. Wi
and let me try if I c
''Say addio, Clau
longer: I hear some
addio to you now.
again.''

She did not even dra
caught on a nail in th
the same time there wa
''Silvia, why do you
called out: ''I hear you
''I am going now,'' s
and in her terror threw h
undressing. She wonde
her heart beat through th
shaking.

The next morning at
her brother took their s
that goes from Monte Co
there are passengers enc
confused leavetakings fr
wished most to see they
visible. In fact, he had l
beneath her window, an
was watching the windi
glimpse of the carriage a

The peasants of Italy
Way stretching its way
the sky, shining as if m

say that it is the road to Jeru-
:o the New Jerusalem has no
itual glory : its colors are those
ut that of martyrdom, with its
palm-branch and golden crown,
ife, and the joy of life, beauty
:an afford to have a few blem-
y Venus, and the *dolce far niente*
ither works nor starves,—they
d.

and had all her life looked for-
y. She could not be quite in-
:ed and listened, though all the
is heavy for Claudio. They
St. John Lateran just as all the
g for the noon *Angelus*, and in
e at the Signora Fantini's door
:ind lady's arms. It seemed to
had found her mother again.
; more gracious, graceful, kind
her mother had ever been she
She was simply another mother.
iad gone away home again, not
', after a few days' sightseeing,
ting that the continued sadness
had some other cause than sep-
other and sister. sought persist-
to win her secret, Silvia told
tears. She was going to be a
iother had said that she must—
r to be a nun—certainly she was

willing. But, for all
she would have been
she never should be qu
"Then you must not
decidedly. "The thing
no vocation. You shou
fore."

For already the signora
the Superior at Monte Ca
to receive the young novice
told her what work she cou
vent. "You are not stron
said, "but you can knit th
to work."

And Monsignor Catinari,
to examine all candidates fo
had held a long conversat
away perfectly satisfied.

But when the signora pr
Silvia was wild with terror
a nun. Her mother had s
Matteo would kill her if sh
"Leave it all to me," s
her motherly hand on the
out to her in entreaty.
that. Matteo shall not
am going to send for
and you must tell him
then we will see what
Don't look so terrified.
Matteo rules the world

Silvia could not be reassured, for to errors was now added Monsignor Catible wrath. To her, men were objects The doctrine of masculine supremacy, ly upheld in Italy, was exaggerated to by her brother's character; and though ved that help was sometimes possible, she eved that it often came too late, as in the poor Beatrice Cenci. They might stand n her and Matteo, but if he had first killed at good would it do? She had a fixed idea e would kill her.

nsignor Catinari was indeed much provoked the signora told him the true story of the novice.

Just see what creatures girls are!" he exmed. "How are we to know if they have a ation or not? That girl professed herself both lling and desirous to be a nun."

He did not scold Silvia, however. When he saw er pretty frightened face his heart relented.

You have told me a good many lies, my child," ie said, "but I forgive you, since they were not intended in malice. We will say no more about it. I learn from the signora that this Claudio is a good young man, so the sooner you are married the better. Cheer up: we will have you a bride by the first week of November; and if Claudio has such a wonderful voice, he can make his way in Rome." The reassurances of a man were more effectual than those of a woman.

"At last I
Silvia cried, thr
Signora Fantin
"Oh, how beau
life is!"

"We will ther
the signora re
Nanna has bou
grapes. See h
could almost sli
are like honey.
The macaroni
was made in th
made nobody k
Nanna has for
secret this morn
balls seasoned
of turkey. She
those are in pr
a little flesh an

They made a
sending its go
chink of the cl
heat reigning
sleep, then a d
ble people whc
to each other w
And in the ev
housetop to se
played for som
music, and the

enchantment to the little bride-
aly will become to any one who
y a cross to bear. For peace in
i means delight, not merely the
How the sun shone! and how
ced! What roses bloomed every-
uits of Eden were everywhere
the speech was! and how sweet
when it was discovered that Sil-
ul voice, so that she and Claudic
pair of birds together, then it
at a nest of twigs on a tree-branch
she could desire.
to see the pope on one of those
s if they had taken her to heaven.
he soul of Rome, the reason why
d when she saw his white figure
rlet background of cardinals she
w Rome looked against the rosy
nset from her far-away window in
i.

sa, is she?" the pope said when
nari presented her.—"I bless you,
this in memory of me." He gave
d medal from a tiny pocket at his
nd on her head, and passed on. It
she had to weep for joy.
he audience was over, they took her
iseum and library, and some one
h of roses out of the pope's private
was put into a carriage and driven

home, her heart beating
her feet winged and her e
There was a rapturou
awaiting her, and by that
all a dream. She rattled
as she sat with her eyes
make sure and keep sure
up presently to bitterne
to Rome in a week, and
married before he should
letter from Matteo. So n

One golden day succe
changed from a lily to a
pidity. She was not a
though, but like one of
clouds of red on them a
the calyx, as if they wer
to move. She was slim
wavered, and her head h
voice was low. She had
creature alive; and now
was, her feelings showed
stirring, like that of a fl
hidden itself. After the
so much say that she w
look it.

One noonday, when lif
last, and they all sat tog
signora, her daughter an
say a word, the door o
came in with a black, s

r his sister. He had come to
eplied briefly to the signora's
ust be ready in an hour. The
; by his absence, and it was
uld return at once.
ured out the most voluble ex-
ınd protests. She had forty
'ia. They had had only a few
and she was to have stayed a
l themselves accompany her to
er if it was necessary that she
. fine, Monsignor Catinari did
:turn.
)f the family, and my sister has
ıe is married," Matteo replied
)pose that Monsignor Catinari
The Church always supports
e master of the family."
ie," the signora replied, rather
rresistible argument, "you have
one will resist you. But as a
l the signora assumed her most
l even advanced a plump white
tteo's sleeve.
ell have tried to bewitch and per-
Augustus on the Capitoline Hill.
changed since it was promised
l stay a month with you," Matteo
: is work at home for her to do.
o be a nun, she must work. Let
start in an hour: my carriage is

waiting at th
piazza for a lit
her trunk when
Silvia utterec
brother she had
speechless. On
her eyes.

He half turned
at her out of the
strange smile wre
going to be a nun

She did not re
lowered eyelids a
knew he was addr

Matteo went ou
end, undertook to
time to see Monsig
authority ; and if t
nothing perhaps.
that the girl's terro
quite natural her
hundred scudi by
require her to work
worked.

"Cheer up and
said, " and leave al
Catinari this very ev
before I go to bed.
will have you taken
in any case, you shal
the most, as Monsig

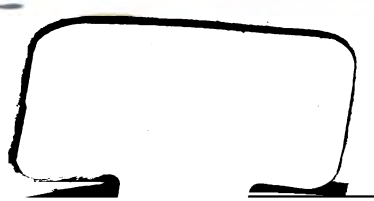
u cannot go. I am sorry and
ut I see no way but for you to
ı me. No harm shall come to
f come to Monte Compatri with-
arrange all for you. Besides,
will see Claudio: he is there
Perhaps you may see him this

:ini's efforts to cheer and reas-
as ineffectual as her efforts to
- had been. Silvia submitted
trength to resist.
!" she kept murmuring, "he
kill me! O Madonna mia!

rs that he will come back in
k for him after two hours.
tion to the rule. It was
when the porter came up
brother was waiting for her

· a tumbler half full of *vin*
or special occasions — a
ith the perfume of a whole
very drop," she command-
ourage. You had better
ing away. And put this
to drink when you have

Silvia was placed in the
e that Matteo had hired

The road went to and
ve a view of the Cam-
ountains, and Soracte
imness on the horizon ;
by trees, that made it
moon. For the moon
light, being but a cres-
shooting star now and
rocket with a trail of
d pallid across the sky.
have been poor Silvia's
he earth. It went out
nountain-side. Matteo
d she, being asleep, fell
. Her temple struck a
ssed his bride.
out it, though. What
could any one prove?
people mind their own
pinions only by a shrug
ace, how is a poor boy,
a rich woman, to come
se? Besides, the truth
back, poor little Silvia!

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